

MAY, 1915

*The*

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# INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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AT THE BATTLE FRONT NEAR ARRAS, FRANCE—TWO FRENCH INFANTRYMAN CARRYING A WOUNDED CORPORAL FROM THE TRENCHES TO THE FIELD AMBULANCE.

# *The* INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. XV

MAY, 1915

No. 11

## IMPERIALISM,

### The World War, and Social Democracy

By H. GORTER

(The following pages are part of a book which is now being translated and edited, and which we hope to publish early in June. Of it Dr. Anton Pannekoek lately wrote us that a group of the revolutionary comrades in the various countries were preparing a book to point out the failure of the old International, and to show, by examining the causes of the war, that new revolutionary tactics are necessary. "Our ablest theorist, Herman Gorter," he continues, "author of 'Der Historische Sozialismus,' is writing it with our assistance.")

#### I.

##### Imperialism

THE International Workingmen's Association, which Marx founded in 1864, and which disappeared in 1871 and came to life in 1889, now lies shattered. The first time that it might have been truly international, it fell to pieces. In the war between Germany and Austria on the one side, and the Triple Entente, England, France and Russia, with Servia and Belgium, on the other, the Labor parties of Germany, Austria, England, France and Belgium have sided with the bourgeoisie of their countries. Already the different Labor parties have addressed to each other the most violent reproaches, as if they were enemies. The International seems to have cast aside Socialist ideas.

This overthrow, this defeat of the social-democratic idea and organization, will be explained in the following pages. We shall try to show the real nature of the International up to the present time. From this will appear the cause of its defeat, the change it is undergoing, and

the forms and methods of action it will have to adopt in order to succeed.

The enormous increase of capital, caused by the growth of productive forces in the nineteenth century, produced Imperialism,—the tendency of all powerful states to acquire new territory, especially in Asia and Africa.

Just as, economically, free competition has to give way to the monopoly of great corporations and trusts, so every powerful capitalist state tries to obtain the monopoly of land, property and the power to exploit in foreign dominions.

The first awakening of the New Imperialism, its first act, was the annexation of Egypt by England; then followed the war of Japan against China, in which Japan conquered Korea; that of the United States against Spain, in which the States took Porto Rico and the Philippines; that of England against the Boers; the expeditions of Europe against China; the war of Japan against Russia.

Meanwhile the world had been divided up; no free territory remained, not even in Africa. Then, one after another, crises broke out. The Powers tried to get each other's possessions. Three times the Moroccan crisis threatened to

bring about a European war; the Balkan crisis twice. Then came the Italian-Turkish war about Tripoli, and the wars of Servia, Bulgaria and Greece against Turkey, over territory held by the Turks.

Through all this, the strain becomes more and more intense. The partition of Turkey excites the passions, greed and ambition of all. Germany wants Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, the Belgian and French Congo, the Dutch Indies, the Portuguese colonies, an unbroken territory in Africa from east to west, Morocco, and if possible, parts of the English colonies. France wants to keep the enormous territory it acquired during the last century, and if possible it wants to get more,—Syria, part of Asia Minor and the German provinces in Africa. Italy seeks expansion in Africa, if possible in the eastern part of the Mediterranean. England wants to keep what she has, and to make of Africa an English continent. She wants an unbroken territory from the Cape to Egypt, and across the Suez canal through Asia Minor, Arabia, Persia and Afghanistan to India.\*

Germany, France, England, Russia, Japan, the United States,—all have an eye on China. Holland wants to keep the Dutch Indies, Belgium the Congo, Portugal its African colonies. All these minor powers want to exploit and dominate their colonies more and more. Austria-Hungary wants the east coast of the Adriatic, Servia and part of Macedonia—as an entrance to the Aegean Sea. Russia wants the Balkans, Turkey, Asia Minor, Persia, Mongolia, and, perhaps, ports on the Atlantic.

All the powers seek increase of territory to promote the export of their goods and to insure the investment of their capital at great profit. Imperialism wants not only colonies, it also wants spheres of influence for commerce and industries, and financial monopoly. We must not infer from this, however, that Imperialism only seeks expansion in colonies far away, across the seas. Russia and Austria, seeking expansion in Europe, testify to the contrary.

If the acquisition of new colonies or dominion over the sea demand it, exten-

sion is sought in foreign countries of Europe, through new conquests. This is what Germany is now doing in the case of Belgium, and may do later in Holland and Denmark. It needs these countries, because of their location and their ports for its expansion over the world, and its struggle against England.

All the larger states seek world power, dominion over the seas, and definite trade monopolies for their own citizens. In order to obtain all, or at least part, of these results, and to prevent others from doing the same, the great Powers have concluded mutual treaties, Germany with Austria, England with France and Russia. And in order to settle this contest, at least provisionally, in its first stage, this war has been begun. So the real cause, the originator of the war, is not one state alone, but every one that maintain an imperialistic policy,—Germany, England, France, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Japan,—every one and all together, they are the originators of the war.\*

All the talk of either capitalistic or Social-Democratic officials and newspapers, about the war being a defensive one, in which they were forced to engage because attacked, is nothing but lies, intended to supply some noble motive for their joining in the war.

To blame Germany or Russia or England for the war, is as nonsensical and as mistaken as blaming the crack in the volcano for the eruption. All the states of Europe have been preparing for this contest for years. They all want to satisfy their greed; they are all equally guilty.

## II

### The World-War

Capitalism, therefore, is guilty of this first world-war,—the Capitalism of the world, seeking expansion. The growth of Capitalism is one continuous story of bloodshed and murder, murder of competitors, of laborers, of home and foreign populations. Countless are the pages of the history of modern Capitalism that are

\*The nature of imperialism is different in the different countries, that of Russia, for example, differs from that of England. It would lead us too far to explain this here.

\*It goes without saying that in such an immense war other nations, too, are drawn in here and there. These, however, are insignificant compared to the great imperialistic nations, and may, therefore, be omitted here. We will only mention that Servia is fighting for its national existence.

soaked with blood, ever since it began its course in the struggle of the Portuguese and Spaniards for the conquest and possession of India and America, and then found its continuation in the wars of Spain with Holland, of the Dutch against the English, of the English against the French. On an ever greater scale it went on, until England, through its victory over Napoleon, obtained dominion over the seas. Countless are the blood-soaked pages of the struggle on the various continents for capitalistic power.

But no page is more bloody than that which is being written now. The states that take part in this war extend over more than half the surface of the earth, and have a population of 900,000,000 inhabitants. The armies they can and will bring forward count tens of millions, and the dead, wounded and permanently disabled will become millions upon millions. The earth is being covered with corpses as never before. This is caused by Capitalism and the capitalistic classes alone,—each of them and all together, since all this is only perpetrated *for the gain of capital*. In this war all the capitalistic classes aim at the extension of Capitalism over the earth, in order to obtain, through all the peoples of the earth, whom they hope to transform into wage-laborers, new and greater capital. Emperors and Kings, boasting of the call of the Fatherland, and of God's being witness to the justice of their cause and promising them victory,—these are but pitiful puppets in the hands of the all-powerful capitalist class, developing the resources of the whole world for its own profit. It is the profit of this class which marshals bankers, manufacturers, merchants, owners of transportation lines and landlords in the national parliaments to vote for and promote war.

It is profit, the small, mean profit they make through submitting to big capital, which induces the middle classes, the peasant and farmer to side with capital, however fearfully and anxiously, in this war. It is profit, golden profit, which forces Science, Art and Religion to side with Capitalism and stain their hands with the blood of millions of human beings. It is profit, low material profit, which subdues all these classes to the

most glaring hypocrisy imaginable, that of saying that *their* nation fights this war for just causes, that *their* motives are most elevated and true, such as the Freedom of the Nations, the promotion of Culture, Light, Civilization.

All this is lies and hypocrisy. The war may bring progress, but that is not the aim of those who wish for war; their will, their way, is blood, human blood, the blood of their enemies, human beings like themselves. And their only aim is profit.

Capital, profit, surplus value, squeezed out of weak nations and laborers. A mean and sordid profit, not culture.

And finally it is that Profit for which and through which they drag the proletariat into this war.

Let the laborer's wife whose husband or son is killed in France, in Flanders or in Poland, say to herself: "My son, my husband lies there because he had to fight for the profits from the Congo, from China, from Asia Minor.

In that light, in that light alone, the emperors and kings, the ministers and members of parliament, the bankers and manufacturers must be judged; so, too, the professors, clergymen and artists who defend this war.

Many Social-Democrats, especially in Germany, speak of the madness of war-expenditure, of Imperialism. And yet it is far from madness on the part of the capitalists, for every capitalist country to want colonies, and monopolies, and for each country to prepare itself to win and defend these by spending millions and millions on arming. For enormous wealth comes into the mother country out of such dominions, if the colonies are rich. If Germany succeeded in getting part of China, or the Dutch Indies, to exploit, hundreds of millions of profits would yearly come into German hands, as now from India into England. The big German banks, and the few great industrial and commercial magnates who rule Germany, would make the whole German nation pay the sums needed for the army and navy, and they would keep the millions of profits for themselves. With good reason, therefore, they force the German nation to arm, and with good rea-

son, when judged from their own viewpoint, do they drive Germany to a war for imperialistic expansion and colonial property. And with good reason the middle class joins in, since it, too, profits directly in the end. The madness is not in the capitalists, nor in the middle class.

Behind all these classes, behind the kings and emperors and parliaments, behind the armies, hidden, and only visible to the scientific eye, stand the great bankers, the mighty steel and iron and coal magnates, the world-trusts, the great concession-holders and monopolists. They control the great mass of capital, and thus they control society. They are few in number. Everything obeys them. Unseen, pitiless, they control the great movement of capital. Driven by growing production, they have willed this war, in order to extend their capitalism, to increase it, to fortify it, to make it the almighty world-power.

All the capitalist classes are guilty of this war, for they all follow Big Capital. This has united them into one mass, and as one mass they are guilty of this man-murder.

The nature of Capitalism is the formation of surplus-value, ever more, through ever better machines. Its nature, its existence, its practice is therefore extension, extension,—in the end, over the whole world. Originating as it does from private property in the means of production, and therefore always in the hands of the few, the method of capitalistic extension is through war. This world-war, therefore, is an outcome of the nature and life of capitalism. It is therefore inevitable. It is Fate, as they used to call it long ago, and God's will, as it was called later on. It is the necessary development of Capitalism, as we think now.

The capitalist class has a great task in the world still, the extension of capitalism over the earth. It still wields enormous power, with which to fulfil this mission. The proletariat is as yet too weak; it has too slight a realization of its aim and its ideal. It is still unequal to its task, the liberation of the world from Capital.

Imperialism, with its foreign and colonial policies, that is to say, the extension of Capitalism over the earth, the last necessary phase in the development of the profit system, finally brings about

World-Socialism. But *the way in which Capitalism develops* threatens the proletariat with destruction. And it is through the very struggle against these methods that the proletariat becomes stronger, and ripe for liberty.

### III

#### The Proletariat

#### World-Labor Against World-Capital

Through Imperialism the relation of capital towards the proletariat changes. Through Imperialism the relation of the proletariat towards the bourgeoisie changes also. In general, Imperialism makes conditions worse for the proletariat.

Here we shall have to go somewhat more into detail. In order to understand that the working class must oppose Imperialism with all its might, one must realize that Imperialism is disadvantageous to the proletariat.

Colonies bring to capitalistic society in general immense advantages. It was colonies that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries brought a stream of precious metals into Europe, and so produced modern capitalism in Holland, England and France. Through colonies, capitalistic commerce and industry were born; through them also the world-market. The colonial policy has conquered India, North and South America, Australia and Africa, and converted these worlds into producers of agricultural products for Europe.

Through colonies, England first, and then other countries, were able to become industrial nations. Through them the streams of gold came from California, Australia and the Transvaal to Europe, which again enormously enriched and extended capitalism. Colonies therefore bring gold, are the generators of new markets, the producers of ever more food and raw materials. They have continued that creative force from the sixteenth century now into the twentieth, without interruption and with ever more intensity. They, therefore, with Capital, have produced Industry, and thus the modern proletariat.

The colonial policy of Imperialism may

also bring a direct gain to the proletariat. Whether it does or not depends upon the colonies alone. There are colonies which bring profit only to a small group of capitalists; there are some which bring profit to many capitalists, public officials and military men, but little or none to the proletariat; and again there are some by which a great part of the capitalistic as well as part of the working classes benefit.

The British and Dutch Indies, immensely rich countries by nature, with an industrious, dense, civilized population, bring great gains to the working classes of England and Holland, that is to say, work and wages. And there are more of such countries which capitalism now covets, e. g., China.

When, for instance, capital is exported to British India, this means the export of iron and steel goods, machines, etc., made in England. English industry, English capital are in the colonies, consequently, if quality and prices are equal, the mother country is favored. Thus there is direct gain for the laborer in England. Then again the production of goods to be exported to the colonies, and to "spheres of influence" in weak countries like China, employs many workers, as, for example, in the English textile industry. Here also the colonies, the "spheres of influence," bring profit to the mother country, other conditions being equal.\*

Again, much ship-building is done in the mother country for the purpose of traffic with the colonies. This also means work for many men, and in turn influences the other industries, such as iron and steel, coal-mining, etc. Besides this, trade with tropical countries creates special industries, rice and coffee husking, cocoa factories, etc. Finally, the vast profits made in India trickle through to the higher and lower middle classes, and even down to the workingmen. Regions and cities of the mother country live in part from that profit. It is shared to some extent with the workingmen of the building trades, and those who make articles of luxury, also the servants, footmen, etc. All these workmen together

form a considerable number in Holland and an immense number in England.\*

And yet revolutionary social-democracy is, or at any rate ought to be, against capitalist colonial policies. Why? Because colonies are almost always acquired and held by means of plunder, murder and the worst exploitation.†

A revolutionary social-democracy can never agree to this, not only because of the principles and ideals of humanity for which it stands, but also from self-interest. The laborers of the oppressed colonies are used as their competitors, they lower the standard of wages. Moreover the small farmers and laborers of India, and of all regions which the great Powers over-run, are the socialists of the future. More and more the time approaches, it is very near or even here already, when not only the Japanese workmen, but those of India and Egypt, and part of the black working population of Africa will adopt socialism. The proletariat must not estrange these laborers and tenant-farmers from itself. It must help them in all things, for later it will need their support. They should begin to feel that they are one with the proletariat of Europe, America and Australia. When wage-workers of different nationalities support the colonial policies of the ruling class, these bring dissensions among them. Colony-grabbing engenders a spirit of imperialism, nationalism and chauvinism in the workers who join in it, and thus brings discord into their ranks.

In small things and for the immediate future, therefore, the proletariat may benefit by a colonial policy, but viewed broadly, and in the long run, such a policy corrupts the life of the working class that embraces it. An imperialistic colonial policy may bring certain advantages to parts of the working class (miners, iron and steel workers, ship-builders, etc.), but *in the long run it corrupts the fighting action* of that class.

\*When the capitalists boast to the workers of the advantages that result to them also from the colonies, the workingman may well reply, Perhaps so, if the capital now being exported were to be kept at home, in Holland, for example. And he may add that a capitalist country without colonies or spheres of influence can attain immense prosperity merely through commerce and industry, as Germany and Belgium prove. Therefore, this imperialistic war is not needed by the laborer, but only caused by the unquenchable thirst for gain of the capitalist.

†See, for example, the system of taxation in the Dutch and British Indies.

\*Even sometimes when they are unequal, for the same group of capitalists is often interested at once in production, commerce and transport.

Therefore the proletariat can not, as a general rule, join in capitalistic colonial policies, and therefore the contrast between it and organized capital becomes more marked.\*

If this was true in the case of former colonial policies, it is all the more so when we have to deal with modern imperialism.

In the first place, modern imperialism, in times of peace, puts intolerable burdens on the working class. Militarism increases infinitely through imperialism, social legislation comes to a standstill, import duties become higher, living dearer, the value of wages decreases, reaction becomes stronger.

Secondly, in time of war, imperialism crushes the working class. Its organizations are destroyed; endless burdens are laid upon it,—hunger, want, unemployment, battle-wounds and the extinction of entire generations. For years progress is stopped; nations are incited one against the other, and war carries new wars in its wake.

Thirdly, after the war, progress for the proletariat will be most uncertain, if not impossible, for years. If the war lasts long, the states may become so poor, so deeply indebted, that if more arming and new wars were to follow, it might mean the economic ruin of the proletariat, and its extinction as a fighting class.

Through all this the proletariat can less than ever afford to join in capitalistic colonial schemes, that is to say, in the policy of imperialism.

For all these disadvantages are infinitely greater than the aforesaid advantages.

And through all this, Imperialism ren-

ders the relations between the proletariat and the capitalist classes far more strained and hostile.

*But fourthly, and here is the most important change, Imperialism has now immensely deepened and sharpened the antagonism between capital and labor. For the first time in the world's history, as a result of Imperialism, the entire working class of the world is involved in a single struggle, that can only be fought out by one united proletariat against the international bourgeoisie.*

This is the new state of affairs brought about by Imperialism. This is the new phase that must be clearly seen. This is what neither the International, nor the national parties of which it consists, have understood. Only he who sees this can understand the new phase which through Imperialism has come over the contest between capital and labor. On the basis of this understanding the new tactics to be adopted against Imperialism should be decided upon.

All modern states, without one exception,\* constantly menace the working class in time of peace and crush it in time of war. In times of peace the bourgeoisie, the government, the capital of Germany menace, through their Imperialism, not only the German, but also the French, the English, the Austrian, the Russian proletariat, and force upon it unbearable burdens. The French, the English, the Russian capitalist class does the same with the proletariat of all countries. In time of war, the German capitalist government destroys not only the power of the German, but at the same time that of the French, English, Russian, Austrian working class. The same is done by Russian, French, Austrian and English Imperialism, each separately and all together, to the proletariat of all countries.

And Imperialism is covering the whole world. Arming is going on everywhere. In this war already the greater half of the civilized world has joined. The greater part of Europe, nearly the whole of Asia, the whole of Australia, South Africa, Egypt, Algiers, Morocco, Canada, Tunis, all the French, English and Ger-

\*And the proletariat, though recognizing that a colonial policy develops capitalism, should oppose it. For not only is the earth already divided up, but it makes no difference to the working class as a whole whether England or another country possesses a greater part of the world; therefore, the workers should oppose all colony-grabbing. They should oppose capitalistic colonial policies, because they aim at a better society than this capitalistic one, a society that needs no colonies to exploit. Besides, the western European states at least, and Germany and England especially, are economically ripe for that socialist society. For these and other reasons it is the duty of the proletariat to fight imperialism.

The colonial program of the revolutionary social-democracy is as follows: (1) Protesting against colonial usurpation and extortion. (2) Attempting to protect and liberate the natives, so long as they themselves are too weak for revolutionary action. (3) Supporting every revolutionary act of the natives and demanding their political and national independence, as soon as they begin revolutionary activity for themselves.

\*Not even the smaller ones can be excepted; Spain, Holland, Belgium, Portugal take a direct part in the struggle for colonies.

man possessions, and there may be more to follow.

Now for the first time, through Imperialism, World-Capital, in all its parts, stands actually, as one whole, through

one deed, against the World-Proletariat. For the first time the World-Proletariat has, in practice, to deal with World-Capitalism.

(To be continued)



### "HERO COLONY" FOR GERMANS

Berlin, Germany, April 1.—Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg is considering the feasibility of a suggestion for the establishment of a "hero colony" near the famous old Pforta school in South Prussia, of which he is an alumnus, where men maimed and crippled in the war may take up their life after it is over.

The originator of the idea is Paul Kersten, head of a big factory in Bad Kösen. He believes that there will be thousands of patriotic girls and widows of soldiers who, when peace is concluded, will be glad to be married to the men who have been injured and who otherwise would gravitate into soldiers' homes. Kersten feels that men in soldiers' homes soon come to feel that they are useless and in the way, whereas they can continue a useful and happy existence if they have their own homes and wives to help care for them. He believes that the loss of an eye or a leg is not a defect that in any way affects future generations. If injured soldiers can marry and live in colonies instead of in homes by themselves he thinks that the birth rate will show some of the increase that is to be necessary after the war.—*Chicago Daily News*.

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HE WON A BRASS MEDAL AND A PAIR OF PEG LEGS.

## THE UNEMPLOYED.



From the Masses.

"WHY, MAN, I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU STARVE—I NEED YOU TO KEEP MY EMPLOYEES FROM ASKING HIGHER WAGES."

# SOLIDARITY AND UNEMPLOYMENT

By AUSTIN LEWIS

A UNION is for persons in employment. When owing to the exigencies of the economic situation or, for other reasons, the craftsman loses his employment, he ceases automatically, as it were, to be a member of the craft. The craft rules do not apply to him. And if the period of un-

employment is in any way protracted it is also obvious that he will cease to be a dues paying member of the union and will thus be lost to the organization.

But a man out of employment is still a man. He must eat, and if he has a family it must eat also. The union offers him no remedy for his condition. It

really cannot offer him any. If labor is a commodity, which is predicated by the very nature of craft union, he is merely a commodity which cannot find a market and, being in this condition, must suffer the fate of all commodities for which there is no effective demand; he must be laid on the shelf.

But to be laid on the shelf is precisely what the unemployed, skilled or unskilled, cannot endure. His labor power may be a commodity, though he would not gladly admit it. But that commodity is wrapped in a human body, which must be fed, and cannot be fed unless that labor power is released and enabled to earn.

So that while the unemployed may be ignored by the union, the union cannot, as a matter of fact, afford to ignore him. For the unemployed, by virtue of his human attributes, becomes the enemy of the union in that he is compelled to go out and earn his bread under such conditions as the times permit, union or no union. Necessity knows no law, and the need of life is superior to the laws of the union.

This can be seen even in the ranks of the union when the threat of hard times puts the fear of ensuing want into the hearts of the workers. Little by little the scale becomes lowered. Little by little the men ignore the union rules in order to keep their jobs. The business agent is really powerless against this tendency, which he cannot afford to recognize, for to admit that men are working under the scale would be to threaten the very foundations of the union itself, since who would pay dues when the union is unable to guarantee the results for which dues are paid? The business agent therefore is compelled to make examples. Certain men are caught, brought in and fined, but this does not stop the process, which is inevitable, for the conditions are superior to any rules.

Of course, if the tendency were universal the union would lose, in that the gates would be thrown wide open, and the era of individual would succeed that of collective bargaining, and at the end of the period of hard times the union would have to begin at the beginning again.

But as a matter of fact the union can

control sufficient, even during the hard times, among the large contractors and those with whom the good will of the union is more important, from a business point of view, than the mere economies achieved by lowering the scale. They are thus able to hold the nucleus of the work at the same rates as before the period of unemployment and to advertise the scale as maintained, whether it is so or not. The union may therefore maintain itself, but at an enormous sacrifice. On all the small jobs, particularly those which lie outside a large town where the union is in control, the scales are cut to pieces. Men work, although ostensibly belonging to the union, at lower rates than the union allows.

And it is just at this point that the hardest burden falls on the best union men. They will refuse to work under scale and, unless they are able to get jobs in places where the shield of the union fully protects them, they go without work altogether and thus become part of the unemployed. While, on the other hand, the mere mercenary who is in the union for pecuniary reasons, dodges, makes terms with the bosses, carries himself through the hard times on the reduced scale, and comes in for the full scale when returning prosperity makes jobs at the proper union rate possible.

Unemployment, therefore, strikes at the very basis of unionism. It also strikes at the basis of working class progress. For the craftsman who is unemployed, while he may have compunction against reducing the returns on his own craft, has, naturally, little about reducing the rate for unskilled labor, so that the poorest and most helpless portion of the working class is compelled to see its scanty wages still further reduced by the inroads of those who have had better wages than the unskilled could ever hope to get, but who now lay the burden of their needs on backs already breaking beneath the load.

Times of unemployment have always been times when the solidarity of labor seemed the most foolish of dreams. It is a time of rout, of the devil take the hindmost. There is no opportunity save to preserve one's self, and, under such conditions, the more or less incoherent voice of class solidarity is lost in the uproar. At no time hitherto have such times been

other than times of disillusionment and disappointment.

But this winter, hard as it has been, and discouraging in many respects as far as the demonstrations of the unemployed have been, has still shown some remarkable signs of a tendency in the direction of solidarity which we have not hitherto had. These are, moreover, evidently not of a superficial or transitory character, but rather mark a development which will take on a broader scope until the solution of the unemployed problem by labor itself will appear more probable than has hitherto been the case.

In California in 1914, when the unemployed problem pressed for solution, work was offered at certain reduced rates of pay, which the unemployed refused. Their refusal was met with a howl of horrified dismay by the members of the committee which was charged with the care of the unemployed. It seemed outrageous that men who were supposed to be on the verge of starvation—and actually were so—should have any voice as regards wages, beyond the mere starvation point. They should be content to get whatever was offered to them, it was solemnly stated, for the charity of the community was saving them from destruction, and they owed society thanks for its helping hand. They had no right to look a gift horse in the mouth. It was not their place to criticize the amount of the gift. They were not entitled to the usual recompense for their labor; they were entitled, perhaps, as members of a Christian community to be saved from starvation, perhaps hardly that.

But the unemployed remained firm in their original demand. They would not work for less than the rate which the Laborers' Union had fixed as the minimum for laborers. In other words, their solidarity was such that they would not make the lives of those who were fortunate enough to have work more insecure by their actions.

They would not scab even on those who had no organization. The effect is obvious. The acceptance of the terms offered by the committee would have reduced the wages of that unskilled labor which was employed and, at the same time, would have materially lessened the aggregate amount paid for employment

in those occupations which come under the head of unskilled. The unskilled would have entered the competitive labor market and the general level of welfare would have still further lowered. In refusing the terms the unemployed therefore conferred a benefit on the entire community.

But their action was, as we have already seen, deeply resented; so much so indeed, that every effort of the ruling class was devoted to driving them out of the city of San Francisco. Their meetings were rudely disturbed by the police and when, in the course of their travels, they arrived at Sacramento they were outrageously abused and maltreated with the openly expressed approval of the governor of the State.

But they had accomplished their work and had made a display of solidarity as unexpected as vigorous. Henceforward there was a greater tendency on the part of organized labor to take steps which would help in the partial solution of the unemployed problem, independent of the State.

The governing class, on its part, also saw that something had to be done, and proceeded to formulate plans for employment bureaus throughout the State. These bureaus were to place the worker, as far as possible, in touch with such jobs as could be found, and at the same time to extend the state activities so that work could be found for the unemployed at the regular rate of pay for unskilled labor. It has been assumed that such employment as is given shall not tend to reduce the scale of wages for the unskilled. This is directly due to the attitude of the unemployed as above described, and marks a striking advance on former schemes of this kind.

But a dispute has arisen as to the Commission which shall have charge of the unemployed question. The Labor Commission, which is purely labor, claims it and so does the Housing and Immigration Commission, which is much more mixed in its composition and has as a member of the commission a Roman Catholic Bishop of San Francisco, and certain other representatives of the non-labor element. The Housing and Immigration Commission says that they can handle the matter better, as a mixed

board would have a better chance in dealing with employers than would a purely labor body. The Labor Commission, however, claims the handling of the matter of unemployment as being entirely within their scope as representatives of the working class, which alone should have the say in matters of employment.

Thus a lively fight has been precipitated between the two commissions, which has found an echo in the San Francisco Labor Council and has caused quite an amount of discussion. The result is that the feeling of labor solidarity in the matter of unemployment is much increased and an educational agitation of no slight importance has resulted.

On the other hand, the unions are themselves taking a much greater interest in the question than heretofore and have announced their intention of looking after their unemployed as far as possible.

Proposals have been made and widely agitated that the men employed should work fewer hours than usual so as to allow of the employment of members of unions who are out of employment. It has been argued that there should be a general working day of four days a week in place of six so as to give the unemployed a chance to earn something and thus keep things together. This suggestion has met with a much wider response than would have been possible

hitherto, but it cannot be said that the proposal is as yet in a sufficiently practical shape to be really considered.

The State Conference of Painters, however, passed resolutions to the effect that in the winter months the work day should be six instead of eight hours. This also has been done by the painters of Chicago. Other unions are taking the question in hand with the purpose of dealing with the unemployment problem.

All of these advances are admittedly slight, and the backwardness of the organized working class in these respects, as in many others, is irritating and perplexing. But the really encouraging circumstance is that the working class is beginning to take up the unemployment problem as a working class and not as a governmental problem.

This implies a growth in sympathy and understanding in a word that solidarity which has been so often preached but so seldom practiced. Any union which attempts to deal with the question of its unemployed must necessarily make a much closer and deeper examination of labor conditions than the workers themselves have been so far in the habit of making. It must in the long run learn that identity of interest which binds the whole working class together. However, a very definite step has been taken towards that solidarity this year.





ARBITRATION BAIT.

# FIXING THE PAY OF RAILROAD MEN

## Second Article

*THE western railroads' arbitration hearing is ended. The six men of the arbitration board are holding secret sessions as this number of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW goes to press. When our June number comes out it will tell you what the arbitration award gives to the 65,000 engineers, firemen and hostlers on the ninety-eight western railroads in wages and working conditions. In this article are given some of the high lights of the hearing.*

**W**ARREN S. STONE, the \$10,000-a-year chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, closed the four-month wage arbitration hearing in the postoffice building of Chicago. He told the arbitration board that no matter what kind of a deal is handed his men, the men will take it and stand for it. In a news letter sent out under the signature of Richard Fairchild, the head of the press bureau kept by the brotherhoods, Stone's words are quoted in this way:

"We believe, gentlemen, you are big enough and broad enough and have the courage of your convictions to do what is right in this case. Whatever may be your decision, regardless of whether these brotherhoods get all of the things or only part of the things they ask for—regardless of what your award may be—I want to say to you, as chief executive officer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, our men on these ninety-eight western railroads will accept your award and will carry it out in good faith. I leave it with you, believing in

the justice and equity of our requests and believing thoroughly in the fairness and justice of the arbitrators who are going to decide these questions. Gentlemen, I thank you."

This was the best that Stone could do. Engineers and firemen are roused and exasperated, fighting mad over the way the railroad managers and owners are beating them down. Food prices, coal prices, rent and clothing prices going up—everything going up except wages. And, on the other hand, at the top of the railroad world, the most hoggish, swaggering crew of millionaires that ever buncoed and swindled a nation of people.

They swim in millions, dizzy millions of dollars, these owners of the American railroads. A table compiled by W. Jett Lauck and submitted to the arbitration board showed that on ten representative western railroads the total dividend payments in 1913 were \$140,404,789. For that same year, the total amount of wages paid to engineers and firemen amounted to a measly

\$37,803,020. That is, the stockholders, the owners of the roads, most of whom never do anything except ride in sleepers and observation cars, for not working pulled down five times as much money as the engineers and firemen got for pulling out in the sizzling heat of summer and biting cold and the driving blizzards of winter.

In the face of one small class of thieves, highbinders and bunk artists grabbing off \$140,404,789 while the engine workers got a measly \$37,803,020 for doing the work, the chief spokesman for the rail workers ends four months of evidence and argument before an arbitration board by telling that board:

"Our men on these ninety-eight railroads will accept your award and carry it out in good faith."

To show the good-will and the peace and the fraternity that exists between the grand officers of the brotherhoods and the railroad managers, nothing is more pointed and clear than these remarks of Stone as they appear in the stenographic report of the proceedings:

"We bear no ill-will towards our friend, the enemy (glancing to his left at Chairman A. W. Tremholm and the conference committee of managers). You have given us a good fight, gentlemen, and I wish to say that there is just enough Scotch and Dutch in me to enjoy a fight once in a while. You certainly have given us a run for our money."

The best witness who took the stand for the rail workers at any time during the whole four months was a lean, dark-eyed, long-headed young man who was trained at the University of Wisconsin under Prof. John R. Commons. This young man's name is W. Jett Lauck. He told his story in masses of straight figures and straight facts never questioned by the railroads. It is the story of one of the greatest get-rich-quick games ever played by American millionaires. It is the story of how a few dozen men have piled up multimillion-dollar fortunes by stock watering and stock rigging and by land grabbing and by labor exploitation.

For months Lauck has been at work with a staff of investigators getting at the facts. He placed in the record the most convincing evidence that could possibly be presented to show that the owners and manipulators of the American railroads have

stolen and made their getaway with enough millions to double the wages of all railroad workers in America for a hundred years. Those who were listening to Lauck's testimony almost got dizzy at hearing him pronounce the word "millions" and "millions" over and over again. The only thing that made it worth listening to was the thorough finish of the job, its fidelity to detail.

He showed at least \$30,000,000 of watered stock in the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Company. In \$275,000,000 of shares floated in the formation of the Rock Island Company of Iowa and the Rock Island Company of New Jersey, he gave proof to show "there is practically no asset behind them save some office furniture." In other words, there is \$300,000,000 of water and wind in the Rock Island capitalization.

How the Frisco road bamboozled the public out of \$58,911,946; how E. H. Harriman faked the Chicago & Alton Company's accounts; how a dividend of 629 per cent was declared on the stock of the Northwestern Improvement Company, a subsidiary of the Northern Pacific railroad; how one trick and then another was used to fool the stock buying public and skin the rate-paying consumers, while all the time the workers on the engines of the railroads as a class were held down with low wages, mercilessly long hours and hazards that made them cripples in large numbers, wrecks and paralytics—this was the cold and terrible story the dark-eyed, long-headed young man told.

The railroad game IS a fierce, mercilessly brutal game today.

That men shall work hard out in the open weather in order to get the means of life is a fact that can be faced with a smile.

That men shall go forth in rough clothes and takes chances against death, sudden clashes and crashes in the dark with broken bodies to follow and then weeks of restless tossing in hospitals—this, too, is a fact of life that brave men can face with smiling.

But why should this be done for the sake of piling up enormous fortunes going into the pockets of dollar-hogs that never work? That's where the rub comes. It's here you find the reason why railroad men are turning away from the old leaders that have stood by, satisfied with "keeping the brake" on the members of the brotherhoods who want "to tear the lid off."

In the capitalist game of swindling the workers, arbitration has one point always in favor of the employer. Until the arbitration award is handed down, the workers get nothing. Not until the umpires have said their last say-so and the capitalist courts have put their O. K. on the arbitration award, do its rulings go into effect.

After the six men who compose the western railway arbitration board in Chicago hand down their award, does that finish it? Is the whole affair over? Does everybody go home and the conditions decided on by the arbitration board go into effect right away? Well, maybe so. And maybe not. It all depends.

1. First of all, the corporation lawyers who wrote the Newlands Act, under which the arbitration is conducted, had to arrange for what they call "error of law apparent on the record." If such error is found, it can be used by shrewd railroad lawyers to throw out the whole award. Article 11, Section 4 of the Newlands Act says:

"The agreement to arbitrate shall provide that the award, the papers and proceedings, including the testimony relating thereto, certified under the hands of the arbitrators, which shall have the force and effect of a bill of exceptions, shall be filed in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States of the district wherein the arbitration is entered into, and shall be final and conclusive upon the parties to the agreement unless set aside for error of law apparent on the record."

2. Language, and especially the language of lawyers, is like rubber. It can be stretched. A railroad lawyer can argue that any language means what he wants. So Article 12 of the Newlands Act provides for what shall be done if the railroad companies and the brotherhoods don't agree on what the language of the award means. They then *arbitrate on what the arbitration award means*. Article 12 provides for it in this manner:

"The agreement to arbitrate may also provide that any differences arising as to the meaning or the application of the provisions of the award made by a board of arbitration shall be referred back to the same board or to a sub-committee of such board for a ruling, which ruling shall have the same force and effect as the original award, and if any member of the original board is unwilling or unable to serve, another arbitrator shall be

named in the same manner as such original member was named."

3. Last of all, the arbitration board's award is not final at all as a matter of law. The board might go wrong on law. Even good lawyers on an arbitration board might make a bum guess and not please the railroad managers and lawyers. Then the whole case goes out of the hands of the arbitration board and at one jump passes on up to a regular court of law. From the district court of the United States it can then pass on higher up to the supreme court. If railroad lawyers don't like an award they can stall it off for years, completely snag it up in the higher courts. This is provided for very clearly in Sec. 8 of the Newlands Act, which says:

"The award being filed in the clerk's office of the District Court of the United States as hereinbefore provided, shall go into practical operation and judgment shall be entered thereon accordingly at the expiration of ten days from such filing, unless within such ten days either party shall file exceptions for matter of law apparent on the record, in which case said award shall go into practical operation and judgment be rendered accordingly when such exceptions shall have been finally disposed of either by said District Court or on appeal therefrom."

So there we are. The railroad lawyers can blow up bridges ahead of us or behind us if they feel that way about it.

The longer an arbitration award is stalled off the longer the time the old wages and the old working conditions hold on.

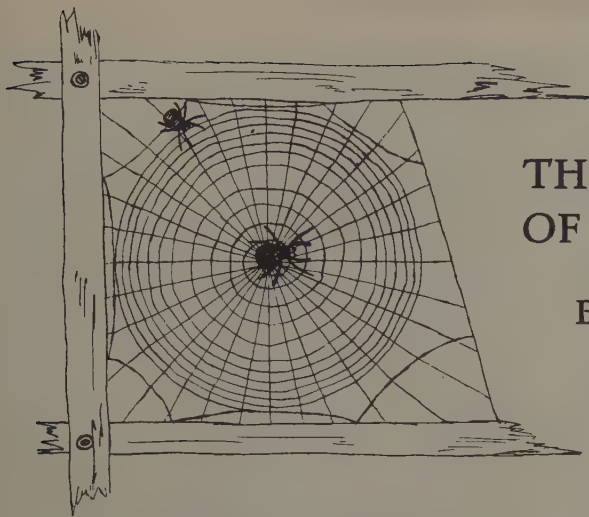
During the five months since Nov. 30, when this arbitration started, the 98 western railroads have gone along paying the old wages and working the workers in the same old way.

Since last August when arbitration was agreed on, the railroads have had the bulge on the men because every condition the men first kicked about and voted a strike vote on, has kept right on without change.

It was October, 1913, that the present "wage movement" began. So it is clear that for a year and a half it has paid the railroads to arbitrate.

Any time they can't see that it has paid them to arbitrate the award now coming, they will tie up that award in a district court and then a supreme court.

*One way or another, the railroads make arbitration pay.*



## THE LOVE ADVENTURES OF THE SPIDER

By WILHELM BOELSCHKE

DRAWING BY ARTHUR LINZ.

(Being an extract of "Liebesleben in der Natur," translated by Rheamars Dredenov.)

WHO is not interested in spiders? The little knowledge we have about these insects surrounds them with an air of mystery which makes them still more interesting. In our early youth we caught flies and threw in their webs in order to observe the spiders better and to see how they attacked and overwhelmed the flies. We could never understand how they were able to spin such beautiful "nests," and only knew that they were useful creatures.

Yes, the spider family is certainly a curious and interesting folk. The most prominent feature about them is that they seem to compound the eating instinct with love.

Those who have read about the evolution of man will remember that in the earliest forms of life eating meant propagating. The first one-celled creatures absorbed food for their existence and by growing bigger divided into two parts and spread. This was the simplest way of propagation.

Out of this, going through various stages, gradually developed procreation by direct sexual relation; the absorption of one life by another without destroying either. This may be regarded as a high form of eating.

The one-cells or protozoas absorbed "dead" nourishment, either inorganic or mineral. It may be also that they killed other living cell material and absorbed it. At any rate, these organisms had already the power to transform the absorbed dead material into living cell material.

In the direct sexual procreation life is thoroughly melted with life. It may be pictured as life "eating" life. The female "eats," or rather is given to eat, the living material (sperm). The sperm is received with a "mouth" reserved for that purpose and brought into a separate "stomach." Here it is completely united with the living egg cells and "digested." However, not for the conservation of the body, but for the creation of a new, distinct life.

The spider, or rather the female spider, does not seem to be fully in harmony with this principle. She has not grasped the idea that she should not look at the male spider with whom she is to enjoy a most ideal repast of love as eventual prey.

Here are the male spider and the female spider (which shall be named "spiderina" in this article), both of the species of the garden spider. The former is only two-thirds of the size of Miss Spiderina. On an old wooden fence under shady pine trees they have built their large webs. For many months they have been living here, both male and female. But they are living absolutely separate and are bitter enemies, even when they are members of the same family. They have arrived at the prime of their lives and have passed through a long life full of strength and work. This means to say long only from the spider's viewpoint. In man's measure of time it is not even one full year—one voyage of the earth around the sun.

But for the spider this is a world-year, divided into long cosmic epochs. First, the ice age, winter. During that time the young ones were lying in their winter sleep, hundreds of them together in a warm little nest. When spring comes along and the warm sun touches the nest, the little spiders burst the egg-skin and are born. This lively little bunch sticks together only about eight days and then they separate in all directions, everyone going his own way.

The spider does not pass through the stage of the larva like the higher insects, as for instance the butterfly. They crawl out of the eggs ready-made, only uncolored and very small. In their webs they grow during the summer into big terrible beasts of prey which scare even you sometimes. Such a rapid growth is only possible through their great voracity and a frightful slaughtering of small insects.

The wonderful web has only been built for this purpose. Victim after victim is caught in it. Their whole life from May till September is a continuous killing and eating and must be considered as a gigantic accomplishment, both in ability and intellectual power. Much ability and great skill are displayed in the construction of the web. It is a masterpiece in engineering science. All threads running from the center are of equal carrying strength, in accordance with the first principle in mechanics that a construction is only as strong as its weakest point. Individual intellect in the highest degree is required in finding the proper place for the web, which must be of different construction in every case, according to prevailing conditions. The strength of every victim must be judged and compared with their own, while wind and weather must be reckoned with.

Life is a wild chase for victims throughout the summer. Anything that comes along is seized and devoured if the strength of the spider is sufficient to make this possible. This is also the case with the small spiders that happen to trespass the borders of the web, even if it is a member of the same family. Relative or no relative, brother or sister, friend or foe, they all suffer the same fate. They are seized, bound and sucked out. This explains how in a few months the tiny creature has turned into a giant spider. The stomach is provided with special "store bases" which

are filled when the hunting grounds are particularly good.

When fall has arrived the stomach has done its duty and the aim seems to have been attained. But the spider's rapid physical development is only a step to a bigger purpose. The sexual organs of the ripe, outgrown body generates eggs in the spiderina and sperm in the spider. The tremendous voracity, with the reckless dismay for the life of others, now gives way to a mysterious love-longing that is the wish to combine with the life of a stranger for the extension of life beyond death.

Here is where the behavior of both the spider and the spiderina prove to be quite some handicap for their coming together. They have attacked and devoured their kind whenever one was able to overwhelm the other. The spiderina knows this actively, while the spider, being smaller in size, feels it in a passive way. The stout matron, without ceremony, caught the little spidermen whenever she had a chance. But now comes the great conflict—love. Both must come together in ideal harmony; must meet each other "in love."

The generative organs of the male garden spider, like those of all other varieties, are strictly separated. He has two long sperm bases in the body and the two grape-shaped ovaries. There is no possibility to procreate without coming together, like the oysters, for which this is only possible in the water where the animals are close together. They must find each other. There is no way of getting around that.

The sexual parts are lying deep in the body of male and female and have their opening on the lower side of the body, not quite at the rear end of it, because there the spinning organs are situated. The right course of procedure, therefore, would be that for this exceptional occasion that the couple should make a peace truce and see each other for a little while on the web of one party, so that opening can touch opening. If it only were not so dangerous! The spiderman, of course, is scared the worst. Instinct, which is the result of past impressions experienced by forefathers throughout countless ages, tells him that there is danger ahead.

If he would now go to her and propose? A refusal means here more than a simple heartache. He feels like a man that is going to perform looping the loop in an aeroplane

—either he does it or he is a dead man. But the bright September sun laughs and the longing grows stronger and stronger, while over there the charming queen is waiting in her silver net. He must risk death for love. However, an indispensable preparation must be fulfilled before he can proceed.

Now look what he is doing. He is not yet going to the spiderina, but is first occupied with himself. His sexual opening is a simple aperture, without any trace of a genital limb. While he is sitting there he rubs the lower end-part of his body on the web, still hesitating and wondering whether he shall venture or not. Suddenly a little bit of sperm runs out of the sexual opening and falls upon the web as a tiny drop. Now our friend, the spiderman, is turning around, so that the lower part of his head can touch the drop. It looks as if he wanted to eat it, which would mean the highest confusion between eating in the nourishing sense and "eating" in the higher sense of procreation, but, no, he does not eat it.

Nevertheless, it looks that way when the drop disappears near the mouth. Here is the explanation: The mouth is, of course, a simple opening through which the nourishment reaches the stomach. Around this opening are situated a number of strong, movable jaws, by means of which the victims are seized and overwhelmed after they have been maimed through a poisonous bite. These jaws are remnants of the feet of the spider's ancestors, probably the thousandth grandfather. This explains also why the spider has eight legs, consisting of six running legs and two spinning hands. So the spider seizes the drop of sperm with a pair of points of the lower jaw and proceeds to present it to his charming neighbor, Miss Spiderina.

Boldly he walks now to the edge of the other web. Spiderina in the center of it has noticed him already. Various happenings are now possible. It may be that he does not please her at all. Perhaps he is dangerously big or his coloring is not distinct enough, or perhaps he is too small. Anyway, for some reason or other she may not like him. Then, of course, his case is already a desperate one. She waylays him as if he were a fly.

But *our* Spiderman is well built and of pleasant coloring. The spider maid observes him and is agreeably touched by his looks. Slowly she walks now toward the

corner of the web where he is waiting modestly. No doubt she is in love herself. The tremendous longing for love subdues for an hour individual voracity. With back downward, the legs drawn as though numb, the spider bride hangs herself on the web and awaits the intended. Will he be Romeo?

Nothing is decided yet. To every female come several waiting and expectant males, the general proportion being about twelve to one. So all of a sudden our hopeful bridegroom is attacked by a rival and a fight follows. The maid is watching them; the winner is surely the more energetic. Our friend comes out victorious; his competitor is running along. Now then, from fight to love.

Carefully, very carefully, the conqueror goes now toward his lady, back downward like herself. Now he puts his arm around her while she remains quiet. For about a quarter of an hour he caresses her in this way, just like a farmer does to calm his excited horse.

And yet it has been observed that even at this stage the female has suddenly turned around to overwhelm and kill the spider. The males of some smaller species do not take such chances, but simply jump upon the back of the female and are so free of danger.

In this time of anxious crisis and pressed by irresistible desire, the spider makes the decisive step. With a quick turn he throws himself around the queen so that they face each other. In the same moment those grope points of the lower jaw that hold the drop of sperm pass already into the femal sheath of the Spiderina. Curiously enough, this sheath shows an extensible limb which receives the sperm.

This is the period of true copulation, which lasts about half a minute. As quickly as the spider has come, he jumps down again and retires for a little while. Only after a quarter of an hour this game is repeated, and so often until the last bit of sperm has found its way to the right spot. The sperm is stored and kept alive separately in a reserve receptacle until all the eggs have matured or it is sometimes spread over the eggs after they have been laid.

No matter how adventurous her time of courtship has been, the mothership of the female is of absolute purity. The short remaining period of the life of the spider-

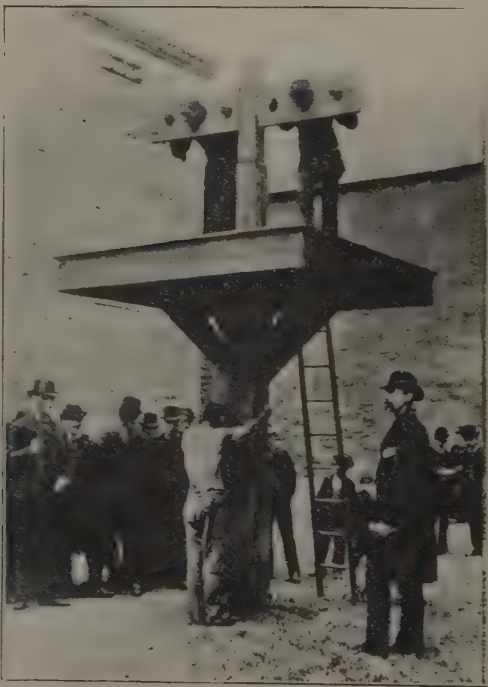
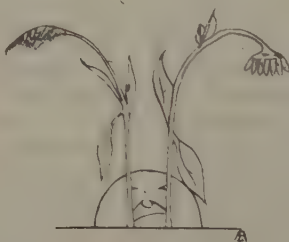
mother is now solely devoted to the welfare of the offspring. With great skill she prepares a nest of the finest threads for the eggs. After these have been laid and fertilized, she rolls them into a little bundle which she protects and watches with the greatest care.

The bringing up of the youngsters is outside of the earthly mission of the spider mother. Soon sunflowers and golden rods wither away. Winter once more arrives—ice age and the end of the world. The young brood in its warm bundle is well protected against cold, while its enemies

are destroyed by frost, that same frost which makes an end to the life of the spider mother. . . .

The cannibalistic spider female that is wavering whether or not to devour the male that brings love to her . . . the devoted mother that watches over the cradle unto her last breath . . . out of these conflicting sentiments nature has wrought what to-day is termed "love."

\*NOTE—Chas. H. Kerr & Co. have published English translations of William Boelsche's "Evolution of Man" and "The Triumph of Life," in cloth; 50c each.



WHIPPING POST IN THE MARYLAND STATE PENITENTIARY.



FANNING A BRONC.

## THE COW-BOY

How He Is "Broken to Ride or Drive" by Industrial Evolution

By HARRISON GEORGE

NUMBERLESS books have been written about the cow-boy. His position in the economic life of the west has been draped with romance by fictional authors. Though changed conditions have undermined his prominence and resulted in the prevailing notion that he is dead, yet this is not strictly true. His position indeed is robbed of importance, his craft status is broken, but his spirit is not, and will yet play its part in the industrial struggle.

The romance is dead enough all right, and the subject of it is "whip-broken" to the call of the boss. The wild days when he ruled the west with the law of the "forty-four" is gone along with the open range.

The skill needed in range riding and meeting the dangers of frontier life gave the cow-boy great economic power as a craft workman, and fostered a spirit of individual independence that has survived the change in production.

The power he wielded in conquering the west resulted in a corresponding exaltation of him as a social unit of the times. The stockman of the old type ate,

drank, rode and fought along with his "boys"; and a comradeship of roughing it democratized western life. With little regard for statutes the men who rode the range had rules of their own and enforced them summarily upon all violators. They held in contempt the petty officials of the time and when they took the notion to shoot up the town in the cow-country, the constable took to the saloon cellar while the pioneer parson crawled under the board sidewalk. Being a supremely necessary factor in economic development, the "buckaroo" felt the tang of power and gloried in it.

For approximately thirty years the man on horseback ruled the range from Canada to the Rio Grande. But with the building of the transcontinental railways and the steady stream of settlers, conditions swiftly altered his status.

The seeker for farm lands invaded his domain and settled the most tillable valleys. Gradually driven to the hills, the old stockman rapidly went to the wall, his place being taken by fewer and larger livestock companies, who succeeded in obtaining large areas of range land to-



THE SHOSHONE DAM, CODY, WYOMING—ONE OF THE FACTORS WHICH IS RAPIDLY CHANGING THE OLD COW-COUNTRY INTO AGRICULTURAL AREAS. THIS DAM IS 329 FEET HIGH AND FORMS A LAKE 12 MILES LONG AND SEVERAL MILES WIDE.

gether with hay land, by means of dummy entrymen and legislative deals, etc. But even most of their land is now fenced and the need of the skilled cowboy of the old type does not exist.

These large stock companies formed an alliance in order to gain control in the days when settlement began and resorted to murder on a wholesale plan such as the famous Johnson County War of Wyoming, where three hundred settlers were slain in four years by hired killers of the cattle ring. Evidence to show that Ex-Governor Carey and U. S. Senator Warren were involved in this murder campaign was suppressed at the time their gun-men came to trial. A lone copy of this startling, sworn testimony is in possession of a Cody man known to the writer.

This conspiratory body called itself the Wyoming Stock-Growers' Association, and in conjunction with the eastern packers and commission men blacklisted any of the small stockmen. Any cowboy starting in for himself and who sent his

cattle to the east found that the money for them was sent back to the Stock Growers' Association and he was left helpless.

When the cow-puncher became less important his pay stopped after the last fall round-up, although he was formerly paid the year round though he did no work in the winter. This enforced hunger period was avenged by him in rustling mavericks (unbranded cattle) for any small settler who would feed him and his horses over winter. This is why so many of the old timers are in the penitentiary today.

Though he yet holds the spirit of freedom begot by the wild life in the saddle, he is now compelled to do work most distasteful to him. He must make hay, dig ditches, hoe spuds, and follow a band of "woollies" over the hills AFOOT! Only one who has lived with him can appreciate how humiliating it is to him to be compelled to make hay and walk afoot over the hills. Yet he must perforce, as the railroads have brought competition

in labor power and his skill is now useless.

His economic power nullified, his camp democracy is gone. While the owner is enjoying Palm Beach or the Great White Way, the foreman is speeding up the slaves to make the ranch pay. As a ranch hand the cowboy is transformed socially and is regarded as a mere working-man. The foreman even will not eat at the same table and in the ramshackle bunk-house there are posted a set of printed rules telling him when he must get up, when he is allowed to eat, when to work, and how he must conduct himself. His old craft skill is useful now only to movie companies and at western fairs, where he is hired to edify eastern tourists.

Although numbers of frontiersmen and cow-punchers took up land, yet most of them clung too long to the saddle, and even after getting land were ill-fitted to survive in the new environment. "Buffalo Bill," the super-hero of western life, though capable of meeting victoriously bad Indians and road-agents, is now an old man and in the clutches of the bankers and mortgage holders, against whom he can no longer use the trigger-law of

the cow country or summon the cow-boys to defend the ranch from its besiegers as of old.

In "chaps" and flapping Stetson the cow-boy strolls the streets of small western towns, but should he venture to wear a gun or get gay, he is promptly thrown in jail in enforcement of city ordinances duly made and provided. His skill useless and himself degraded to an unskilled proletarian he must face conditions and bow his neck though his proud spirit revolts at the task and taskmaster.

More and more is he commingled with the unskilled worker fleeing from the factory hells of the east. More and more will he be imbued with the class conscious solidarity and working principles of the ONE BIG UNION.

In the camps and bunk-houses his liberty-loving soul rejoices in singing songs of revolt from the little Red Book and he listens with interest to the pioneer I. W. W. who ventures into his western habitat. Once he understands the message he may be counted on as a militant factor in the class struggle. And he does love DIRECT ACTION.



THE HOME OF COLONEL W. F. CODY (BUFFALO BILL)

# BETWEEN MEALS IN A MINER'S CABIN

By Mary R. Alspaugh

WHEN the miners of Colorado went on strike in 1913 they soon found that they were not striking against the operators merely, but against every petty business and professional man, every politician, coupon clipper, landlord, railroad magnate and banker, against every profit-monger, interest taker and appropriator of unearned increment, against every chamber of commerce, against the whole world of thieves generally, within a radius of a million miles. They called themselves organized, unionized, but the organization that arose and advanced upon them the moment they showed their teeth was to their organization what the light of the noonday sun is to a firefly. They were like matches trying to hold back two-foot timbers.

The capitalists, big and little, were well enough organized that when the strike began and a stand was taken against the operators, the whole class of business and professional people rallied to their support. They said, most emphatically, that they could not abide strikes, that unions made them nervous, and that the outside agitator and organizer was an abomination in the sight of the Lord and an ever-present source of trouble. And this in the face of the fact that they maintain a standing strike against the workers year in and year out, decade upon decade, generation after generation. The capitalist class is *always* on strike against the working class. If we will not or cannot pay the price they demand for their goods they immediately declare "closed shop" against us and withhold them. In vain do we argue that we cannot possibly meet their demands; that they will take our homes and starve our children; that this will put us in the streets and baby faces will be pinched with cold; in vain do we cry that it is not humanly possible for us to meet their prices; in vain do we plead with them to stave off the evil day for a little longer—till times get a little better—till work is a little more plentiful. In short, we cry for a chance to *just live*. We are not concerned with profits. We might as well appeal to a pillar of salt.

And mark you that this is the godly element. Church workers tell us that it is the working people who are largely untouched by the church. But when *they* cannot or will not pay the price *we* demand for what *we* have to sell and we plan to withhold our commodity (labor), every branch of the government, legislative, judicial and executive, from the president down to the county sheriff and local justice of the peace, is at our throats like so many bulldogs. And mark you, this, also, is the godly element. President Wilson, ex-Governor Ammons, General Chase and our local sheriff are not ungodly men; neither are the operators nor the militiamen ungodly, and especially is John D. a godly man.

It is all a question of being well enough organized to get away with it. And the class that controls the bread supply always comes out best. But the capitalist class is organized politically and industrially, while the working class is not even organized industrially. The workers even vote the capitalist ticket! Who ever heard of a capitalist voting the workers' ticket!

This same class of people who depend upon us for their support and berate us all the time because we cannot pay our bills are at our throats like a pack of wolves the minute we attempt to secure a better wage in order that we may be able to pay them their bills. And these are the persons that we have been accustomed to call intelligent, whom we send to represent our interests in the most important affairs of our lives!!!

The "law and order" gang have taken from us all that is sacred—our homes, our fires, our liberty, our means of life and even our children—and in its stead have given us—GOD. We live in an age of superstition and every working man and woman who can be corralled is stuffed and crammed with it. There is no class of people today with whom the truth is so unpopular as it is with the so-called Christians. Introduce the truth to your local sky pilot, try to interest him in Socialism, and see if he doesn't recoil as though you

had struck him and tell you with a hard look on his face that it is repugnant to him; that he considers it profane and thinks it very unbecoming in you to speak slightly of John D. and George Washington. The chances are fifty to one that he will get downright insulting before you part. I have never found any one harder to interest in Socialism than the so-called Christian. He seems to have absolutely no room in his makeup for anything containing an element of the truth.

The Christian will tell you that the way to make the world happier is to Christianize it. Now, as a matter of fact, Christianity will not bring more happiness, but more misery to the race, for Christianity teaches and preaches against the desire for material things. This idea is the mainspring of all its activities. The church has taught its doctrine of noncombativeness, self-sacrifice, meekness, lowliness, turn the other cheek, and the lack of self-respect and self-preservation generally. It has preached against every form of wholesome worldly amusement, against every form of physical gratification, whether it be of food, clothing or bodily comfort generally, until the standard of living has been so lowered it is well nigh impossible to lower it any more. Capitalism has only to tighten its strangle hold a little and the whole race will be chattel slaves. The church can well afford to crumble to dust now, for she has done her work and done it well.

Some time when you cannot pay your month's grocery bill go to your grocer and say to him, kindly: "Mr. Jones, I am very sorry, but on account of being out of work so much I am unable to pay you what I owe you. I regret it very much, but even if you haven't so many material things, there is comfort in the thought that you will have more time to reflect on your spiritual blessings," and see if he doesn't rush right out after the constable and send him down to your house to take the baby's cradle and the cook stove and your bedsprings and mattress, your pillows and the pretty quilts your wife pieced when she was a little girl, and the swiss curtains and the eight-day clock and the rugs your mother worked on for so many years, your little girl's rocking chair and the mirror your brother gave you when you were married and, incidentally, anything else that you happen to possess.

Christ drove this class of people out of

the temple and called them *thieves*. Today we call them merchants, or even Christians. I wonder what Christ would say if He should come back to earth today!

There are some who will object to these sentiments on the ground that they do not believe in attacking a person's religion. Right, provided, however, that religion does not interfere with my means of obtaining a livelihood, but the moment a person's belief begins to affect my bread and butter supply it becomes a matter of the gravest concern to me. The person who supports the church of today either financially or morally is either consciously or unconsciously a traitor to the proletarian movement.

How often we hear it said that "business is business," which means, in plain Anglo-Saxon that any crime on the calendar immediately ceases to be a crime when tagged with the magic word "*business*," and that those having tickets of admission may do with impunity those things which carry with them a prison sentence or worse when committed by those without the charmed circle. It is the world-old scheme for control by the few of the many, or in other words of getting something for nothing.

During the strike here the miners' wives and daughters organized a woman's auxiliary. A discussion came up in one of the meetings as to whether or not we should patronize a certain merchant who was accused of being "unfair." In fact, there was strong evidence that he was unfair, but one member objected to any discrimination on the ground that she did not believe in "tearing down what it had taken a lifetime to build up." A very remarkable statement, it seemed to me, to come from a "strong union woman," especially in the face of the fact that this very class of people had robbed us of all we had slaved for all our dull, drab lives, and that the very merchant in question was at that moment undermining the Socialist movement—the hope of the laboring class.

Is it any wonder that we lost the strike? Is it any wonder that the U. M. W. A. has lost thirteen consecutive strikes? Is it any wonder that the Socialist movement is a wreck in the wake of the A. F. of L.? Is it any wonder that the Catholic Church and Father Peter Dietz control our destinies to a big extent? Is it any wonder that the State Federation of Labor instructed union

people to vote the capitalist tickets? Is it any wonder that we have not been allowed a union store, but have had to spend every dollar of our strike relief for upwards of a year and a half with our antagonists and thus furnish them the funds with which to fight us? Is it any wonder that we have not had a union bank, but have allowed the capitalists' banks to handle the millions of

dollars that have been spent on the Colorado strike and thus furnished them with funds again? Is it any wonder that the United Mine Workers of Colorado are starving today and have to rub the grain out of barley hay (when they can get it) and eat it? Is it any wonder that the U. M. W. A. is a thousand years behind the times?

## Win a Free Trip to the World's Fair

Hundreds of the REVIEW readers have all their lives been wanting to visit San Francisco and see California. Some have written us to know if we cannot offer a free railroad ticket to the San Francisco World's Fair for a certain number of subscriptions to the REVIEW.

We are glad to announce that we have made arrangements with the railroads whereby we can make such an offer. If you are interested, ask your railroad passenger agent what is the best round trip rate he can make you from your home and write us what it is. By sending us a little less than *twice* this amount in REVIEW subscriptions at the regular rate you can win a *free* first-class round trip ticket.

For example, the first-class round trip tickets from New York to San Francisco are nearly one hundred dollars. When our friends in New York send us 185 yearly REVIEW subscriptions (or twice this number in *six months subs*) at the regular rate of \$1.00 per year for U. S. subscriptions, we send them *free* a first-class round trip ticket to the World's Fair, good for three months with stop-over privileges. This special rate does not apply to Chicago.

Some of the REVIEW hustlers who live a little way west of Chicago or who live nearer to San Francisco can win a free round trip ticket for *only* 100 yearly REVIEW subscriptions, or *less*.

The railroad fare is the big item of expense in taking a trip to the western coast. We can secure accommodations for you

that will not cost you a cent more for room and meals in San Francisco than you would pay on your ordinary vacation.

A score of our readers have written us that they mean to win a free ticket and to spend Socialist Week with a group of their friends in the Golden West. A comrade in Omaha declares that he is going to attend the meeting of his union and secure enough subscriptions *in one evening to win the trip*: A Socialist comrade in a nearby city believes he can easily take the necessary 120 yearly subscriptions from the members of his S. P. local and from his friends *in less than one week*.

*You can do as much!* We feel confident that any active Socialist can get 100 yearlies from his friends and his comrades in this length of time. And every time you start the REVIEW going into a home you are starting a monthly propagandist for Socialism. We are printing some hot stuff for the railroad boys, for the miners and for all workingmen and women generally. Tell them about it and get their subs. You can win the big vacation of your lives and work for Socialism at the same time.

Write for information and free samples and subscription blanks. Be sure to give us the rate on a first-class round trip ticket from your home. We will tell you how many subs. you will need for the trip. Start now before somebody else cleans up all the available subscribers in your city.

Address California Trip Dept., Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 341 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.



ONE OF THE BOYS.

## The Power of the Railroad Boys

By MARY E. MARCY

**N**O class of workingmen in the world possess more power than the Railroad Boys, and the men who run the great ships, and the seamen all over the world.

England and Germany are today howling for shipments of FOOD, and when we stop to remember that it is the transport workers—the railroad boys, the dockers, the stokers and seamen who carry every ounce of food, clothing and chemicals, who transport the ore with which battleships and guns are made, it gives us a very small notion of how important the transport workers are.

They are so strong that they can tie up and paralyze the entire world of industry in a week if they WANT to. In the great class war waged by the workers and the capitalists for possession of

the PRODUCT OF THE WORKERS, the transport and railroad boys HOLD THE STRATEGICAL POSITION.

And just so far as the railroad boys and the steamship men become class conscious, just so soon as they become LOYAL to the interests of their own class, they will take this wonderful power into their own hands and make it a resistless weapon against the master class.

Just as the railroad boys may make the most important revolutionists, just so have they opportunity to do the most scabbing. It is the railroad boys who are called on to haul scabs into mining camps to break strikes; it is the railroad boys who are commanded to haul guns for the thugs that shoot the strikers, and these same railroad boys who run the

cars that bring supplies to the CAPITALIST ENEMY in times of strike or labor warfare.

And it is the railroad boys who are finding ways by which they are going to defeat the enemies of labor and throw in their lot with the men and women of their own class.

Two railroad boys dropped into the office this month from Indiana, and told us how some of the boys handled the ammunition that was enroute to the Rockefeller Gun Men in Colorado.

O, I suppose some of the readers of the REVIEW will claim that it is not quite "ethical" to let little accidents happen to the property of John D.'s gumshoe thugs, that it would have been "more honorable" to shoot the dynamite and ammunition straight through and help these dirty-workers kill off more Ludlow men, women and children. But we are not concerned with people of this calibre.

We are glad to record that something both unfortunate and unforeseen (?) happened to that carload of death-dealing property and that it never reached its destination. And we prophesy that soon the day will arrive when the railroad boys will communicate with the boys on strike and see that the ammunition reaches OUR SIDE in any labor war. It would be strange, would it not, if some of the miners should happen to be occupying a mountain pass and should stop a train and switch off any cars of food or protective material they might need?

Of course, we are all agreed that the best method of fighting the boss is with organization instead of with GUNS. It is true that the bosses can't even get guns without trusting to the train crews—any more than they can get food, or clothes or anything else in the world. And so we may be reasonably sure that the day will soon come when GUNS shipped to the capitalist enemy (your enemy and MY enemy) will not reach their destinations. We don't want to fight guns or with guns if we can help it.

In the meantime it is up to us to educate the railroad and steamship boys into what the class war really means.

We know there are still old-fashioned people in the world who believe that the Rich Men worked along honestly, pick-

ing up pins and saving pieces of string, and studying by grate fires until they saved up a few millions of dollars to buy a railroad or a copper mine, or 60 per cent of the oil wells. They imagine that all you have to do today is to stay away from the nickel shows and put your pennies in the bank and become a capitalist in your old age.

They don't stop to think that according to the U. S. Government statistics the average American workingman only receives a little over five hundred dollars a year TO RAISE A FAMILY on, and that if the unhappy father drowned off his offspring at birth, as men sometimes drown puppies, and refused to support his wife, and managed to live without spending his wages—he couldn't possibly save more than a little over five hundred dollars a year, anyway.

He would have to live to be as old as Methuselah to cut any ice in the Wall Street crowd.

On the other hand, according to U. S. Government statistics, the average workingman produces something near \$2,500 worth of value a year. His boss keeps about four-fifths, which is divided up among the landlords, lawyers, advertisers, manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, etc., etc. And YOU, Mr. Workingman, get about ONE-fifth in wages.

No matter how you figure it out, the stockholder in the railroad or the steamship line by which you are employed DRAWS DOWN the FAT pickings (or profits) for DOING NOTHING, while you, who run the roads and make the clothes, or build the houses, or produce the food—you get about a measly little one-FIFTH of the value YOU create, for DOING ALL THE WORK.

When people ask you what Socialism is—it is simply the fight to STOP this system of generous reward for the Do-nothings paid OUT of the value that is produced by the workers. It means the PRODUCTS FOR THE WORKERS themselves.

"Well," a man said to us the other day, "that is true, perhaps, but Old Man Vanderbilt BUILT the ROAD." DID HE? If you want to know who built the railroads and who stole the railroads, you want to read Myers' History of the Great American Fortunes, published by

Charles H. Kerr & Co. Myers gives facts and figures that show up our Great Railroad Kings as the biggest bunch of financial pirates the world has ever known.

And wasn't it our little old school readers that taught us that the original Old Man Astor bought the Island of Manhattan from the Indians for about twenty dollars? And today his princely grandsons are still forcing people to dig up millions of dollars every year for the privilege of living in New York on the land their grandsire cheated the Indians out of a few score years ago.

There are so many workers and so few capitalists, who exploit them, that once the workers are *united* to abolish the present system of profit grabbing; when they make up their minds to stop this crazy system of *DIVIDING UP* with those who do not work (but take all the *CREAM*), the idle exploiters will not be able to hold out against us.

What we need is *EDUCATION* of

the workers and class conscious solidarity. We want to unite on election day, and we want to remember that we often have a chance to *SHOW OUR* working class loyalty *EVERY* day in the week one way or another. We can *HELP* to win strikes, we can work for *ONE BIG* working class union, we can pass around the magazine, the book, the paper that will make our friends wake up and learn to *FIGHT*.

Socialism does not only mean that you must elect your comrades to office; it means carrying on the educational work and the *FIGHT* every day in the year.

Keep in touch with the *REVIEW*, and whenever you know a good story of how the railroad boys have shown their class loyalty, send it in to us. The boys are going to be one of the most important, if not the most important, group in the great struggle to abolish the wages system. You want to do *YOUR* share to getting them organized.

## ASHES AND DREAMS

By Carl Sandburg

Silence,  
Dry sobs of darkness  
In the houses and fields,  
O mothers of the world,  
Watching.

Hour on hour  
The trenches call  
And the ditches want  
And the shovels wait.

White faces up,  
Eyes wide and blind,  
Legs stiff and arms limp,  
Pass them along  
And pile them in  
And tumble them over,  
Ashes and dreams together.

(Mothers of the World,  
Your waste of work.)

# SAVAGE SURVIVALS IN HIGHER PEOPLES

By PROF. J. HOWARD MOORE

## II. VESTIGIAL ORGANS—(Continued).

(Note.—This popular Course in Biology by Prof. Moore, which started in the March number of the Review, will probably run for ten months or a year. The general outline of the Course covers: Domesticated Animals, Vestigial Organs, Survivals of the Wild in Domesticated Animals, The Origin of Higher Peoples, and Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples. The minor subjects may prove even more interesting.)

### III. SURVIVALS OF THE WILD IN DOMESTICATED ANIMALS



#### 12. The "Glass-Snake."

The "glass-snake" looks very much like a cousin of the common garter snake. It is called "glass-snake" because of its brittleness. Strike it with a stick and it will break into three or four pieces. It is sometimes called the "joint-snake," because of this weakness for going to pieces in times of excitement.

The "glass-snake" was common in that vanished world where I spent my barefoot days. We children believed (for we were told so, and we believed everything we were told) that when one of these creatures went to pieces and the enemy with the stick went on, the pieces came back and went together again, and the restored individual went on its way rejoicing. We thought it was a trick to save its life. And I can recall now in memory the picture which I formed in my mind as a boy of these pieces wriggling cautiously back from their hiding places and backing up to each other and in some mysterious way becoming attached to each other again, and the reconstructed individual taking up once more the thread of its unfinished life.

But the "glass-snake" is not a snake at all. It is a *lizard*. And it is so classed in all the books. Scientists call it *Phisaurus*, which means "snake-lizard."

Snakes are limbless lizards. When we

find a lizard without legs, we call it a snake. And when we find a snake with legs, we call it a lizard. The "glass-snake" is a lizard because it has four legs. But its legs are not visible. They are internal. The "glass-snake" is a lizard on the way to becoming a snake. We catch it in the act. It is a connecting link between these two orders of reptiles. The legs have gone out of use, but not long enough ago for them to have passed out of existence. They are vestigial. In the bodies of some snakes, as the pythons and constrictors, there are little clawed remnants of hind limbs.

Snakes have only one lung. They have come from ancestors with two lungs, but their body is so narrow that there is not room for two lungs side by side, so one lung has been abandoned, and the other one has become larger by extending out along the body. The abandoned lung still exists, but it is a mere unused remnant.

The right ovary of birds has become atrophied in a similar way, all of the eggs of birds being produced by the left ovary. The ovary is the egg-producing organ of animals. In nearly all animals there are two ovaries, just as there are two kidneys and two lungs. But in birds, for some reason, the right ovary does nothing, and has shriveled to a mere remnant.

### 13. The Toes of Mammals.

Mammals are the animals that are covered with *hair*. Fishes and reptiles have scales. Birds have feathers. All mammals are covered with hair. All of the different kinds of existing mammals have, of course, come from some one ancestral species of mammals.

The original mammals had five toes on each limb. And a good many mammals have still this five-fingered style of foot. Man has. So has the monkey. So has the dog. So has the elephant. But the great majority have lost one or more toes from each foot. The hippopotamus has lost one toe from each foot, and has four left. The rhinoceros has lost two toes from each limb, and has three left. The tapir has four toes on each front foot and three behind. The cow, sheep, pig, and a large number of other animals have two toes on each foot, having lost three. The horse has gone to the extreme in this process of elimination, and has only one toe on each foot. The horse walks on its big finger—on the *nail* of the big finger.

In the feet of many mammals are found remnants of these discarded toes, in all stages of dilapidation. In the two-toed animals there are two small toes just back of the ankle. They are the vestiges of the last two toes abandoned. In the horse the last two toes abandoned are represented by two internal splints just back of the ankle. We can trace the horse back through the rocks to a time in the Eocene age when it was a little animal and the size of a fox with four toes on each front foot and three behind.

The toes in human beings are really almost vestigial. In man's ancestors (the ape) the toes are used to grasp with, the same as the fingers. The first toe in apes is opposable to the other four toes, just as the first finger in the hand. But in man the toes are never used for anything, and the muscles are so weak and unskilled from lack of exercise that we would be about as well off if we couldn't move our toes at all, or even didn't have any.

The dog uses only four toes of each foot, the thumb being vestigial.

### 14. Human Hair.

Man is a mammal, and, like all other mammals, his body is covered with hair.

Hair is found over the entire human body, except on the palms of the hands and feet and the last segments of the fingers and toes. On the head the hair is useful. It is an ornament and protection. And until very recent times the hair on the faces of men was cultivated as an ornament. Shaving the face is a very modern practice. But the hairy covering of the body generally is of no use. It is vestigial. It survives, though in a greatly dwarfed condition, from the time when it was the natural and only clothing of the body.

Associated with each hair are muscles by the contraction of which the hair is raised and lowered. But these muscles are in man never used—they are too weak to be of any use—except on occasions of great excitement, sometimes, when the muscles of the scalp may cause the hair "to stand on end." These muscles are vestigial. This power of raising the hair of the head is still possessed by the ape. It is an aid in rendering it more terrifying in appearance, like the bristles in the dog and pig.

### 15. Other Vestigial Features.

In man and most other vertebrate animals there are two bones in the leg from the knee to the ankle—the *tibia* and the *fibula*. In birds and in some mammals there is but one bone (tibia), the fibula being represented by a mere splint extending down part way from the knee. You have probably seen this splint without recognizing it in the leg of the chicken. The big bone in the chicken's leg is the tibia; the splint is the vestigial fibula.

Horns in domesticated animals are vestigial. They are of no use. In the wild life horns were weapons of defense. But domesticated cattle have no enemies, and hence no use for horns. They are worse than useless, for we sometimes amputate them.

Insects ordinarily have two pairs of wings. But flies have only one pair, the hind pair being represented by a couple of knobs. In other species of insects the front wings are rudimentary. The male cockroach has two pairs of wings, and occasionally uses them in flying. But the female is flightless, the wings being rudimentary. The ovaries are vestigial in

the working class of bees and ants. In the cow there are two teats that are rudimentary and four that produce milk. The rudimentary teats occasionally yield milk. In one breed of Chinese sheep the ears are mere vestiges, and in another breed the tail has dwindled to "a little button smothered in fat." In tailless dogs and cats there is a rudimentary stump. In some breeds of chickens the comb and wattles are rudimentary; and in the Cochin-China the spur has nearly disappeared. In the hornless breeds of sheep and cattle tiny knobs often grow out where horns would naturally be; these are sometimes shed and grow again.

In many plants the petals and other parts of the flower are rudimentary. The purpose of the petals is to advertise the flower to insects by bright displays of color. In some flowers this is done by the stamens; while in others (the poinsettia, for instance) this advertising business has been taken over by the leaves adjacent to the flower. In the dandelion all of the outer florets have vestigial pistils. In some varieties of the cultivated gourd, which no longer lead the climbing life, the tendrils are rudimentary.

Parasitic animals and plants are commonly much degenerated, having abandoned entirely many of the organs which they had when they led a free and independent existence. Such organisms are, as a result, nearly always rich in ruins. The narwhal is a kind of whale that lives in the far north. It has only two teeth. They grow straight out in front. One of them grows to be six or eight feet long and is used in spearing its enemies and in breaking holes in the ice. The other one is vestigial, never projecting beyond the skull. In the pouched mice of Australia, the young are no longer carried in the pouch and the pouch has degenerated to a mere fold of skin on the abdomen.

The so-called "wisdom teeth" in man are teeth which are in the act of passing out of existence. They appear late in life and in many persons do not appear at all. There is a remnant of a "third eye-lid" in many animals at the inner corner of the eye. Man has this remnant, in common with many other animals. In birds, turtles, and other animals this third lid

of the eye is in full use. It is the thin membrane that is pulled over the eye, often when the two ordinary eye-lids are open. In man and the man-like apes, the tail is vestigial, consisting of only three or four vertebrae much grown together. Before birth in all of these animals the tail is long and has muscles for wagging it. The bird's tail is also a mere remnant of what it once was. The oldest birds found fossil in the rocks had long tails composed of twenty vertebrae.

Vestigial structures are found everywhere. They are by-products of all organic evolution. There are vestigial *instincts* in the minds of men and other animals, and vestigial parts in all human laws, customs and institutions. Our political, industrial, religious, educational and legal institutions are full of vestigial features. This is a big subject. And if you will only get the *key* I am trying to give to you, you will be able to understand many things that are now mysteries to you.

## 16. Vestigial Letters.

Silent letters are the vestigial parts of words, parts which have gone out of use but have not yet gone out of existence. In general all silent letters were once sounded. But through changes in the nationality of words or in the habits of those using them, many letters have fallen into disuse.

Take the word *knight*. The *k* and *gh* are silent. But our ancestors pronounced them, as the Germans do today their word *knecht*. So in the French word *temps*, meaning "time." The *p* and *s* are silent. But the Romans, from whom the French got this word, used all the letters, for they spelled and pronounced it *tempus*.

We happen to be living at a time when a good many English words (too few, however,) are being rationalized in their spelling. Why should we add *ugh* to the word *tho*, making the word just twice as long as it need be? Why should we not spell *thru* as we pronounce it? Or, if we insist on adding the unused *ogh*, why not throw in *ty* or *ski* for good measure?

Life is too short to spend half of it in learning to spell. We should have a letter for every sound and a sound for every letter. Then any one in a few hours or

days could learn to spell any word in the language, whether he had ever heard the word before or not. If we cease to use any certain *sound* in a word, we should cease to use the *letter* that stands for that

sound. The practice we English have of littering up our language with silent letters and spending so much useless agony trying to remember them is a plain case of imbecility.

### III. SURVIVALS OF THE WILD IN DOMESTICATED ANIMALS

#### 1. Purpose of These Lessons

The general purpose of these lessons is to teach something about our natures and how we happen to have the natures we possess—something about where our natures come from.

You often hear it said that human nature never changes—that it is the same today as it has always been and that it will always be the same as it is now. This is not true. Human nature has *grown* to be what it is, and it will continue to change and grow throughout the ages of the future. It has been *formed*, like coal and river valleys and mountains.

We used to believe that coal had always been in the ground. But we know now that it was nearly all formed in a certain age of the world called the Carboniferous Age. Before this age there was no coal in the ground, or very little, if any. And we know that coal has been formed by the accumulation of decaying vegetable matter, especially forests, which grew and fell down age after age, and then was covered up by rock deposits and by being subjected to different degrees of heat and pressure the different kinds of coal were formed. Hard coal is different from soft coal because it has had different experiences.

We used to believe that mountains and river valleys had always existed just as we now find them. But you know better since you have studied physiography. You know that river valleys have been filed out by the rivers that flow through them. And you know that mountains have been lifted up and sculptured by weathering and erosion into the forms of today.

It is the same way with human nature. It has grown to be what it is. And in this course I want to teach you something about the origin of some of the instincts that are found in our natures.

The first lesson on "The Origin of Domesticated Animals" teaches that all domesticated animals have come from wild

animals. It teaches also something about the world in which these wild ancestors of domesticated animals lived, and the kind of lives they led.

The third lesson the "Survivals of the Wild or Domesticated Animals" shows that a great deal of the wild ancestral nature still survives in domesticated animals; that while domesticated animals have changed their surroundings, their natures are in many ways not changed.

The fourth lesson on "The Origin of Higher Peoples" shows that the higher (domesticated) races of *human* beings have come from wild men called *savages*, just as domestic animals have come from wild animals. This lesson tells also something of the natures of savages and the kind of world they live in, what they do, and the like.

Then, lessons five and six on "Savage Survivals in Higher Peoples" show that a great deal of the natures of wild men still survive in all higher men.

Lesson two ("Vestigial Organs") is merely a preparation for lesson three.

#### 2. Origin of Vestigial Instincts

Useless instincts survive in the *minds* of men and other animals for the same reason exactly as useless organs survive in their *bodies*. Living beings are, as a rule, fitted to their surroundings, not only in form and structure, but also in their natures and ways of acting. Animals have not only the organs and parts in their bodies which they need in order to enable them to live, but they have also the *instincts* to drive them to do the things they need to do in order to enable them to live successfully. Every being has a certain set of urges in its nature pushing it to do things, and these urges are generally useful. But when a species in the struggle for life is driven out of one set of surroundings into another set different from the first, it is likely to have some instincts and ways of acting that are not needed in the new environment.

These useless instincts are called Vestigial Instincts.

Vestigial instincts are merely those instincts which have been thrown out of employment by changes in conditions imposed by the struggle for life. Men and other animals have many ways of acting that are useless, just as they have many organs that are useless. These ways of acting survive wholly through momentum acquired in times gone by. Like the vermiform appendix and the eyes of cave fishes, they have gone out of use but have not yet gone out of existence.

Domesticated animals have been subjected to very great changes in surroundings, and they have, for this reason, an unusually large number of instincts that are useless. These instincts have been imported. They can be understood only by reference to the wild conditions in the midst of which they evolved. They are *survivals* which the centuries of human selection have not been able to iron out. In the wild life among the forests, mountains and prairies, surrounded by enemies and pursued by wolfish wants, these instincts were useful to the individual and the species. But in the artificial conditions created by man, they are not only useless, but *often even injurious*.

This lesson treats chiefly of the vestigial instincts of domesticated animals. The vestigial instincts of *man* will be taken up in lessons five and six.



### 3. Wild Survivals in Dogs

I will mention four vestigial instincts found in dogs, viz.: the hunting instinct, the "sheep killing" instinct, the instinct to turn round and round before lying down, and the howling instinct.

Dogs *hunt*, even when filled with food. Take the gentlest Collie for a walk. It will not follow behind, nor walk by your side. It will be nosing about here and

there and scouring the thickets and bank-sides to see what it can find. And if it finds something it will run it down if possible and take its life. A lamb or a calf will not do this.

The dog is a made-over wolf. Its ancestors lived on rabbits, birds, sheep and other animals, which they hunted down and slew with their teeth. But the dog eats out of a bowl. The dog hunts because its ancestors were hunters. It hunts in order to exercise an instinct which is unprovided for in its peaceful life among men. The hunting instinct in dogs is an instinct which has gone out of use (except in dogs-used for hunting) but which has not yet gone out of existence.

The Collie is the dog used in herding and handling sheep. The Collie has been so changed since its association with man that it ordinarily defends and loves the sheep in its charge. But once in awhile this gentle being is liable to go on a spree of "sheep killing." It does not eat its victims nor drink their blood. It simply cuts the big blood vessels of the neck and leaves its victims to bleed to death. The Collie does not kill because it is hungry. It kills for exercise. It kills because the wheels of its nature have gone round in a certain way so long that it can't stop them. The impulse to kill, so strong in the wolf has become weak in the Collie from long disuse. But occasionally this old instinct mounts to the high places in the nature of this canine, and for the time being it is a wolf again.

If you will watch a dog when it starts to lie down, you will see it go through a performance which has survived from the time when as a wild creature it used to make its bed among the grasses. The dog does not lie right down without any preliminaries. It turns round one or more times in the place where it is going to lie before actually lying down. Darwin says he has seen a dog turn round 20 times before finally settling down in a reclining position. Darwin thinks that this performance is a survival of the old bed-making process of the wolf. It is the old process of tramping down the grass to make a place to lie in. This performance was useful when the dog made its bed on the prairies, but it is a mere



waste of time to a dog lying down on a rug or a floor.

Dogs *bark* as a general thing. But occasionally they express themselves in a strange, hair-raising *howl*. The "bark" is a product of domestication. Wolves howl. A wolf will get up on a hill and give out a long, loud howl, and another, miles away, will answer. They find each other in this way. And once in awhile the dog will drop into this old method of signaling. I used to hear this howl years ago on the prairies of Kansas when the coyotes called from the hills at night. Nell was our house-dog and friend. And ordinarily her voice was as soft as rippling waters. But when she heard the coyotes at night, she would stop barking sometimes and deliver herself in a loud, prolonged howl. It was so unearthly and so entirely different from her usual utterances that it always seemed surprising that she could ever be the author of it. *It was the call of the wild*. Long ago she and her associates were accustomed to megaphone to each other in this way. And her machinery, although weathered by ages of domestication, had not forgotten the ways of the old, wild, long-vanished life.

Superstitious people sometimes account for these howlings of the dog by supposing that they foretell death or some other calamity to the household. People who account for this instinct in this way are themselves showing a survival of the past—a survival of pre-scientific times when men everywhere interpreted things by signs and omens. A few hundred years ago there was no such thing as chemistry or physics, or science generally, such as we know them today. Such a thing as *natural law* operating everywhere was not even dreamed of. In those times men accounted for things by signs and dreams and omens. And a good deal of this old, pre-scientific way

of thinking still survives in all higher peoples.

#### 4. Wild Survivals in Cats

The domesticated cat is from the wild cat. And if you will watch cats about your homes, you will see many things that go back to the old, wild life which they left behind.

Dogs *chase* their prey. This is true of the whole Dog Family—wolves, foxes and jackals, as well as domesticated dogs. The members of the Cat Family get their enemies in a different manner. They slip up on their prey until they are near enough, and then leap on it. All the Cats do this—lions, tigers, leopards, wild cats and domesticated cats. The cats hunt by stealth; the dogs by fleetness very largely.

But the domesticated cat eats out of a bowl, like the dog. Many of them never have an opportunity to *catch* anything oftener than probably once a month. But the instinct to catch things in the old way still survives in domesticated cats. And often you will see them making opportunities of their own to satisfy the instinct to catch something. They will creep along the ground a little distance, and then leap, as if they were catching something. Perhaps it is a grasshopper. Maybe it is a fly. Maybe it is nothing. They are merely giving an old, unexercised instinct an airing.

The practice the cat has of going up to a tree or post and scratching at it for a few moments is probably an exercise which it goes through in order to relieve uneasiness in the muscles of its feet and toes. The wild cat climbs trees a good deal, and catches and holds things with its claws. The cat's claws are different from the dog's claws. They are *retractile*, that is, movable. They can be pulled back into the foot and then extended. These movements are made by muscles which no doubt get uneasy and "tired" from long idleness, just as we get "tired" or uneasy on rainy days sometimes when we are kept indoors all day. When the cat scratches a tree it is exercising muscles which in its ancestors were used daily in hunting and tree climbing, but which are to some extent vestigial in domesticated cats.

There is one difference between the

psychology of the dog and that of the cat that may be mentioned here.

It is the nature of the dog to become attached to *persons*. When the family moves, the dog moves, too. The dog's home is where his master is. The dog will follow a handful of rags wrapped around a beggar, day after day, through heat and cold and starvation, as cheerfully as he will follow a king. The devotion of the dog to man is one of the divinest things in this world. And there are few more affecting sights than that of a "lost" dog. The dog wants to *belong* to *somebody*.

The cat becomes attached to *places* more. Its affection and loyalty are lavished on localities. It has a strong homing instinct. And it has a sense which men do not have which guides it almost unerringly back to its home. Cats may be carried away for miles, and carried in such a way that they cannot see anything to guide them in returning, but when they are released they will find their way back in the most surprising manner. Dogs will do this to some extent. Cats are almost indifferent to persons, but they cling to their native haunts as they cling to life.

The homing instinct is still more highly developed in the homing pigeons. The homing pigeon has been carried a thou-

sand miles away from home, but the sense of direction is so unerring in these birds and the longing for their home so strong that after a few circles on being released they will start on tireless wings for their native cote.

Wild animals do not rove about the world as they are generally supposed to do. They live for the most part in localities. They learn the ins and outs of a locality from their parents and associates, and are much safer in these familiar surroundings than they would be wandering into new and unknown regions. The homing instinct is useful to all animals that possess it naturally—to ants and birds as well as to cats. It is *not useful*, however, to a cat that comes into existence in a home that has cats for export.

The dog's ancestors were wanderers much more than the cat's were. And this would be one reason for the cat's greater regard for locality. But the dog's great devotion to man comes from its long domestication, and from the fact that it has always been selected for its devotion and intelligence much more than the cat. The dog more than any other animal has been the *companion* of man, while the cat has been kept primarily to hunt mice and rats and other small animals that tend to invade human homes.

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To Charles H. Kerr and Company, 341 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

# FOOLED!

By NORMAN SPRINGER

DOWN the white road that ran beside the railway came the party of the reconnaissance—a long, slouching column of dirty, kahki-clad men. The bugle blared, the company officers barked their commands; the column turned and shuffled off the highway toward the slope of the railway embankment. The bugle sang again. The files of weary men threw themselves upon the ground. The regiment rested.

William Smith dropped his rifle and slipped the buckles of his knapsack load with a grunt of relief. He wiped his sweaty, stubble covered face with a grimy sleeve, and scratched himself. He swung his water bottle to his lips and swallowed a sparing mouthful of the precious fluid. Then he stretched himself comfortably upon his stomach and peered over the top of the embankment upon the countryside.

The little valley lay bright and cheerful in the morning sunshine, as yet unscarred by man's passion. Birds flew overhead, the field life hummed, a habbit scurried in and out of sight—a restful, peaceful countryside. Only the long line of dirty, scratching men upon the slope of the railway embankment seemed to be out of place, like a blot upon the face of the morning.

Upon the opposite side of the embankment the ground sloped to a meadow, and at the farther end of the meadow was a little hedge-surrounded, vine-covered cottage. A field of wheat, rotting upon the stalks, made a broad yellow square behind the cottage; and beyond the wheat was a small hill covered with a patch of woods.

"Why, we been this way before!" exclaimed Smith. "Remember, Tom, about a week ago we 'ad a noon spell in front of that little 'ouse? Remember that nice old lady what looked like my old mother used to look? She give us some buttermilk."

"Aye," replied Morely, his chum and shoulder man. "We been marchin' in a circle the 'ole blooming week. Ain't we ever going to get anywhere! 'Ow's your water, Bill? Mine leaked."

Smith unhooked his canteen and passed

it to the other. Then he resumed his contemplation of the terrain.

"We'll be getting somewhere today, I'm thinking," came a voice from the line. "I 'eard the Adjutant tell the Captain there was some Dutchies in that bit o' woods on the little hill, and 'e said he was going after them."

Smith stared at the hill, searching for the glint of steel in the sunlight. No flash rewarded his scrutiny, but he noticed that the birds circled slowly over the tree tops and did not alight. His eyes narrowed as he regarded them.

"I 'ope that old lady has cleared out," he said. "It'd be a hell of a place for a woman if a scrap started here."

"Scrap! 'Oo said scrap?" broke in a querulous Cockney voice. "There won't be no scrap. We'll just dig a 'ole in the ground, an' crawl in, an' blize away at shadders. Hit's just march, march, walk, walk, till your bleedin' feets is raw—an' then dig a 'ole, an' crawl in, an' listen to the Dutchies' blarsted hartillery!"

A few heads raised at the outburst, and a few grimy, fatigue-lined faces cracked with appreciative grins.

"That's right—give 'em 'ell, Cocky!"

"Maybe you'll see the Dutchies today!"

"Maybe!" scoffed the Cockney. "Ow, yus, mybe! Only Dutchies Hi've seen in the rotten country was them corps we 'ad to bury, an' they was so far gone it myde me fair sick to smell 'em. Cyme for a soljer, Hi did, an' they myde me a blooming navy. Ayn't 'ad a wash in six weeks! 'Ole regiment lousy! Just louses hourselves, that's wot we are—just louses acrowlin' about France, an' not knowing where we're goin'!"

"Cocky's blowing up again," remarked Smith to his chum.

Morely did not answer. He did not even look up. Head on breast, he sat in moody reverie. A worried line cracked the coat of dirt on Smith's forehead, and he leaned over and shook the other man's shoulder.

"Don't, Tom," was his low voiced urge.

"You can't 'elp anything by feeling blue. It don't do any good to think on it."

"I can't 'elp it, Billy. I got to think on it, an' I got to talk on it."

"It don't do no good to worry, Tom. She'll be all right. There's my Bess to look after her."

"I can't 'elp worrying, Billy. She's so young, an' it's her first. She ain't strong like your Bess. Oh, if I only knew—it's about the time now, Billy!"

"Everything'll be all right, Tom. There'll be the doctor, an' Bess will look after her."

"We was lookin' ahead to it so much. 'Ad names all picked out. Saving every penny, an' plannin' great things, we were."

"I know, Tom; an' we'll carry out all them plans when we get 'ome."

"When we get 'ome! Oh, Billy, what will 'appen to our women if we don't get 'ome? 'Ow will they do this winter?"

"Don't think on it, Tom. Don't think on it."

"I can't 'elp it, Billy—what with Annie sick, an' the baby coming. The savings'll be most gone by now. 'Oo'll pay the rent? They was all smiles when we come away, but you know *them*. They'll want their rent."

"I know, Tom; but folks will 'elp each other, an' this won't last always."

"And what if we get potted, Billy? Oh, I ain't no coward, you know, but it fair unnerves me when I think of Annie being left alone with a young'un to take care of. I ain't afeard for myself, you know, Bill."

"I know you ain't, Tom. But don't think on it—it can't do any good. Remember what the parson said about the Will o' God—and 'ow we all 'ad to make sacrifices for the country. We can't 'elp things—it ain't our fault."

"Aye, I remember. But who's goin' to make sacrifices for *us*? Who's going' to 'elp our women? Hey? Parson talks fine—but he ain't left his woman on five bob a week an' come to war. But 'e tells the likes 'o us to make sacrifices!"

"But 'e's a man o' God, Tom. 'E can't fight—it's against 'is religion."

"But 'e can give us a blessin', an' tell us to fight!"

"It's his business, Tom—givin' blessings and such."

"It's a rotten, nasty job to be putting blessin's on."

"I know, Tom, it do seem queer—but the

parson, he's a good man, Tom, an' he knows more than us. 'E's doin' his duty. It was all right for us to come, Tom—we ain't religious. We would only 'ave been a drag on them at 'ome if we 'adn't come. There was the works shut down, and the company putting up signs that they expected all the young men to go. They wouldn't 'ave give us any work, Tom. It was our duty to come—it's for the country."

"I know, Bill. We 'ad to come or be ashamed to lift our 'eads up. All the blokes was joining. An' the parson promised to keep an eye on Annie."

"Fine lad, the parson. Fine talk 'e gave us the night afore we left!"

"Aye, it was. I ain't a religious man, you know, Bill—but somehow, I'm glad God is on our side. Parson showed that plain."

"Remember the prayer at the station just afore the train left? Ho, ho—didn't 'e damn the Dutch?"

"Aye, he was bitter. Somehow, Bill, they are more bitter at 'ome than we are over here. Somehow, it's different when you see them dead an' wounded."

"Aye, it is different, someway," mused Smith. "They ain't so bad, them Dutchies."

"Oh, I'm fair sick of it, Bill! At 'ome it was different—all bands, an' speeches, an' patten' a man on the back. Made you feel you was doin' something fine. Over here it's just dirt an' killin'!"

"Just killin'," echoed Smith. "But we got to do it, Tom. It is for the country. An' it might be worse—shooting from trenches like we do, we never know for sure we've potted anybody. Like as not we ain't—like as not we don't hit anything. I wonder what it feels like to know you got one of them?"

"Ugh! It ain't a good feeling!" said Morely."

"Oh, I forgot. You was in the squad that fixed the old bloke last night in the town, wasn't you?"

Morely spat, as though to rid his mouth of a bad taste.

"Aye, an' I wish I 'adn't been," he said. "I dreamed about it."

"Spy, wasn't he?"

"They said 'e was. Don't see why they was so keen on killin' him off. Don't see why they didn't lock 'im up. 'E was that old and feeble 'e'd 'ave died quick enough."

"We got to kill spies, Tom. It ain't wrong to kill a spy."

"I know, Bill; but all the same, it's a rotten, nasty job. I was glad when they detailed me in the squad—it was a bit o' excitement. Then when I saw the poor old bloke I was sorry."

"Did 'e make a fuss?"

"No chance. 'Appened against the wall back o' headquarters. They brought 'im out and tied 'im in a chair. 'E wouldn't take no eye bandage—looked right at us. When we fired, 'e just sprawled forward, chair an' all; an' his mouth went open, an' the blood ran all down 'is white beard. Ugh! Made me fair sick, him crumpled up and staring at us. We 'ad to bury him. Sometimes I think God ain't with us at all."

"Aye, this work, do make a bloke feel squeamish at first," said Smith. "After a bit, I dare say we won't mind it no more than them regular blokes do. They get fat on killin'."

"Killin' is their job—'ere come our orders!"

Smith turned his head. A motorcycle dispatch bearer stood dismounted by the colonel's side; the captains were scurrying towards their commands. The sharp, low voiced commands reached Smith's ears.

"Fix bayonets! Leave your knapsacks!"

"Ow, blimme! We're going arfter' em!" exclaimed the Cockney.

## II

The khaki line started down the farther slope of the railway embankment, automatically responding to the crisp commands, "skirmish lines—no shooting—make for the house!" The line reached the edge of the meadow and started across it.

From the center of the patch of woods on the hill came a shrill whine. It grew to a shriek, overhead, and passed on—followed by the dull bark of the gun.

"Shrap!" shouted Smith.

The air was filled with hissing, crackling noises. A narrow veil of thin, brownish smoke fringed the edge of the woods near the base of the hill. Smith heard dimly the popping of musketry, like fire crackers being exploded by the package.

Men-fell. The khaki line broke, and became a crowd with sprinters and laggards. Smith lumbered heavily along at Morely's side, his eyes upon the green hedge before the cottage. A man dropped his rifle, clutched his stomach—and fell to his knees.

He lifted a distorted, gibbering countenance as Smith plunged past.

"Cockney's down!" cried Smith.

They reached the hedge and threw themselves upon the ground. Smith was aware of a new sound added to the rattle of the rifles and the boom of the field pieces. It was a ludicrously familiar sound, a sharp, insistent rat-tat-tat; it reminded Smith of his own air-hammer at the works at home.

"Machine guns—got the range!" cried Morely.

The top foot of the hedge, above their heads, disappeared as though a giant, ragged-edged, invisible scythe had sheared it with a swoop.

Smith hugged the ground. On the opposite side of the hedge something tumbled against the shrubbery. Smith exchanged a startled glance with Morely. He tried to peer beneath the hedge—and six inches before his eyes he saw a hand.

A motionless hand, gnarled and brown—a woman's hand. Smith stared at it. He clutched Morely's arm, and Morely stared at the hand.

Stealthily, the two soldiers drew apart the shrubbery and gazed upon that to which the hand belonged. She lay upon her back staring upwards with wide-open, unseeing eyes—the old woman who had given them the buttermilk; the old woman who had looked like Smith's mother.

She no longer looked like a man's mother.

Smith grew sick. He drew back shuddering, and let the bush snap together. Through the mist of his nausea he saw Morely's lips moving, and he heard a cracked voice chanting, "just killin'—old men, old women—just killin'."

"They done it!" gulped Smith. "Damn 'em—they done it!"

"Forward! Through the wheat!"

A shouting subaltern rushed the length of the hedge, and the khaki line rose with instinctive, willing obedience. The eager youth pointed with his sword and led the way. The line followed.

Into the field, where the life-giving grain was at last being threshed with the leaden flail of war! Smith plunged ahead, mouthing his wail, "They done it! They done it!" Morely ran by his side.

A shell burst above their heads—a blinding flash, and a hail of sharp fragments. Morely threw his rifle far from him, and pitched forward upon his face,

Smith stopped, and bent over his chum. But his chum was gone. Upon the ground was a writhing, faceless thing.

Smith screamed, and dashed ahead.

Out of the grain, and up the slope of the hill! With every footfall the words pounded upon Smith's brain, "They done it—they done it!" He howled it aloud. He was conscious of men running by his side. Dimly, he saw dancing, mouthing, gray-clad figures in front of him.

A burst of flame in his very face! A tearing, searing something passed through his body. He flung himself forward—and he felt the wild, joyous thrill of the fighting brute as his bayonet sank into the soft flesh.

### III

"Water! Water! Water!" The insistent babble dinned its way into Smith's consciousness. "Water! Water!" He felt no pain—only a terrible lassitude. His feet were cold. He had a consuming thirst. "Water! Water!" And he knew that the weak voice that babbled was his own voice. His right arm was folded across his breast. Slowly, with infinite labor—it was as though a huge weight pressed upon his elbow—he straightened his arm. He fumbled at his side for his water bottle.

It was gone! Tom had it! Tom was gone!

And his tongue wagged, of its own volition, "Water, water, water!"

"Hier, kamerade, wasser!"

The faltering voice was at his side, almost in his ear. He felt a hand creep slowly and uncertainly across his breast; the cool canvas of the canteen touched his cheek. The bottle's neck reached his mouth, and his eager lips sucked greedily.

He lay on his back, his eyes open to the sky. The heavens were bright with the eyes of night, the round moon bathed the world with soft radiance. A sky of surpassing loveliness, so restful, so peaceful. His hot flesh was grateful to the cool kiss of the night.

The night was filled with strange noises—with murmurings, and moanings, and queer, choked cries. One by one they separated themselves in Smith's mind.

As from afar came a broken, boyish crying; a despairing, wailing crying, "mutter, mutter, mutter"; a crying with no beginning and no ending. Fro m closer by, came a low, sustained, unhuman moaning; and

mingled with it was a weak voice pleading unceasingly, "Oh, Jesus, oh, Jesus! Oh, let me die!" At his side, in his ear, the faltering voice added its plaint, "Meine kleines kind, meine kleine Bertha!"

Slowly, laboriously, Smith turned his head towards this last voice. The body the voice came from lay in a tiny hollow—a dim, gray, headless bulk, the face hidden in the shadow. Smith stared across the top of the body, and saw a strip of ground bright in the eerie light of the moon.

A strip of ground crowded with strange figures and fantastic shadows. Some sprawled limply, as though sleeping; some sprawled stiffly, in outlandish postures; some writhed upon the ground, and their shadows danced.

Smith saw a horse stretched upon its side, and a low, steady, unhuman moaning came from the horse. The moonlight showed the gaping belly wound, and the beast's vitals hanging out in a black heap. And through the viscous mess protruded a human hand—a living hand, with twitching fingers.

As Smith looked, the horse lifted its head and screamed, and a futile, struggling tremor rippled over the great body. The protruding hand opened and shut, spasmodically, and from beneath the horse the pleading voice ascended in gasping pants, "Oh, Jesus—oh, God—oh, kill me!"

From the black shadow of some bushes the broken, boyish wail came like an echo, "mutter, mutter, mutter!"

"Meine Bertha, meine kleine Bertha!" The man at his side moaned the cry. It stabbed Smith like a needle in the brain. It made him think. "My Billy—my woman—Bess!" he answered cry with cry.

"Englishman, you haf killed me!" came the other voice. "Why—why it is?"

"Why! Why! The word hammered. Why? Why was he there upon the ground? *Why was it?*

"Englishman, why make you death for me?" the weak voice lisped in his ear.

"I 'ad to kill you," whispered Smith. "I 'ad to come. They told us to come an' fight you. We 'ad to save the country."

"Dey tell us so. Dey tell us to fight for der *Vaterland*. I vas a man—I haf to come. I like it not to leave mine woman und mine baby, but I love der *Vaterland*."

"I 'ave a wife and baby!" whispered Smith.

"I come from Hamburg, und by der docks

I work," continued the voice. "I think not der English vas bad. I haf sailed, und I know der English. But yet, you come!"

"We 'ad to. They said it was our duty. We 'ad to save our country. They said the German's would smash us."

"Dey tell us you kill Germany. Dey call to us to save der *Vaterland*. Gott, is with us!"

"With us!" said Smith. "God is with us—all of them say so."

"Nein, nein, Gott is with us. Und I leave mine liddle Bertha und mine Hilda"—the voice trailed weakly, and stopped.

Smith stared across the gray heap at the bright strip of ground. The shadows were shifting, but the moaning horse was still in the light. The living hand writhed above the steaming entrails, and the muffled prayer rose steadily from the ground, "oh, Jesus, oh, God have mercy, oh, let me die!"

Why? Why? Why had he come? Why had he killed—this good man, who gave him water? Why was he dying? Why was Morely dead? What for? And Bess and little Billy!—and Tom's woman, and the baby to come! Why?

The voice at his side recommenced its muttering, "meine Bertha, meine kleine Bertha." Smith joined his cry to the plaint, "my Bess—my little Billy!"

"You haf a child?" spoke the voice. "I, too, haf a baby—mine liddle Bertha. I work by der docks, und when I come home mine liddle Bertha meet me by der corner. Und Hilda meet me by der door."

"I got a boy," said Smith. "'E's a fine chap, my little Billy. 'E brings my lunch to the works all by 'imself. My Bess, she sends it 'ot."

"We vas happy, mine Hilda und liddle Bertha und me. It vas hard to det der living, but we vas happy. Ach, Gott, how do they now?"

"We was goin' to send 'im to school—we was goin' to give Billy a chance. And now—oh, Bess, what will you do now?"

Smith turned his eyes to the clean, bright sky. The stars seemed very close, the smell of the night was sweet in his nostrils. The dread sounds of the night beat upon him.

Smith thought. He thought of the man at his side—this man he had been sent to kill, and who had been sent to kill him. He, too, had a woman and a baby, and loved

them. He, too, had found the living hard to get.

He thought of his Bess and little Billy. He thought of Morely's Annie. He thought of all the Bess' and Annie's waiting dreadfully at home. And the fruit of his thought was bitter.

For in the jeweled sky he saw the future. He saw the road his wife and child must travel—the endless road leading into the abyss. He saw the slum, the sweatshop, the squalid tenement room.

With the keen clairvoyance of the workman, he saw the drear years to come. He saw his wife with haggard cheeks and hopeless eyes. He saw his son with stunted body and deadened mind. He saw the pinch of hunger in their faces. He saw the end of comfort and happiness for those he loved.

These things he saw, and his soul revolted.

*"Damn their sleek faces and smug cant! Damn their specious tongues! They sent him out to kill—to save their treasure! Who will save his treasure? Will they? Will they care for his woman and his child? God's curse on them who sent men out to kill with God's blessing! God's blessing! Did God do this?"*

The wild gust shook him, and passed by. Smith lay quiet and calm. He felt no pain, no thirst—but he was cold, his legs were numb.

The voice murmured in his ear.

"She meet me by der corner when I come home from der docks. She haf blue eyes, mine liddle Bertha."

"My Billy has gray eyes—like Bess," whispered Smith.

He turned his face again to the man at his side. He looked at the strip of ground, at the sprawling figures, at the grotesque shadows.

The wounded horse lifted its head and screamed. In the throes of dissolution, the great body threshed upon the ground. The living hand shut and opened, and the fingers twisted; the voice beneath the horse rose in a shrill, agonized shriek, "Oh, Jesus—oh, God have mercy—ah-h-h." From the shadow of the bushes came the wailing echo-answer, "mutter, mutter, mutter."

The beast's great body stiffened. The hand was still. It was clenched, save for one finger that pointed skyward. Smith gazed at the pointing finger. "He is point-

ing at God!" he thought. "He is blaming God!"

"No, no, God ain't done this," he muttered. "God ain't mixed in this. He ain't to blame."

Smith was cold, his legs were numb. At his side, the voice had ceased only a slow, labored breathing told him that the heap his hand touched was not yet a lifeless lump. He looked up at the peaceful, beautiful sky. Below his waist his body was dead, and death was creeping upward. But his mind was alive.

*Why had he killed and been killed?*

And in the sky he saw the Truth. Written in stars across the arch of heaven was the answer.

Slowly, with infinite labor, Smith stretched his arm towards the other man. His groping fingers reached the other's hand and closed upon it.

"Brother!" he whispered.

As weak as his own grip came the answering pressure on his fingers.

"They fooled us!" said William Smith.

"Ja," said Wilhelm Schmidt.

## WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH BUTTE, MONTANA?

By LOWNDES MAURY

"The Socialists were overwhelmingly defeated, casting only 30 per cent of the vote. The spirit of the people of Butte, Mont., has been crushed by the brutal exercise of the tremendous economic and political power of the local Rockefeller interests."—Lewis J. Duncan.

THE above telegram appears in the issue of the *American Socialist* of Saturday, April 10, 1915. The sender of the message apparently desires to create the impression that the defeat of the Socialist Party in Butte is due to external forces separate and distinct from the Socialist Party of this city. Nothing could be further from the facts. The Rockefeller interests of this city have always exercised their economic and political power at every election, and two years ago their activity was just as great as it was at this recent election. Nevertheless the Socialists won at that time with a handsome majority against a combination of both Republicans and Democrats on a Citizens Ticket, while this time the Socialists were defeated by a tremendous Democratic majority against a divided field of Republicans and Democrats out of a total vote of 13,500. Lane (Dem.), received 6,681; Smith (Soc.), 3,698; Ellingwood (Rep.), 2,714; and Meany (Prog.), 388. The Socialist candidate for mayor received less than 27½ per cent of the total. In other words, the proportion of the loss of the total Socialist vote to two years ago was more than 50 per cent. Why this crushing Socialist defeat? Were there any other factors beside the Rockefeller interests, operat-

ing to make such a defeat possible? These are questions that need an answer.

When the Socialist Party first went into power it came as a surprise to old party politicians. The Socialist Party at that time was composed of men with working class tendencies and socialist ideas. As long as these elements were the dominant factors in checking dictatorship and undemocratic authority on the part of elected Socialist officials, everything progressed fairly well. But gradually the Socialist Party grew in membership. The new members came into the organization not so much because they were concerned about working class interests or emancipation, but rather because the itch for office or the desire for a political job on the streets of Butte at \$4.00 per day inspired their membership. The dispenser of these jobs, the mayor, formerly Lewis J. Duncan and now C. A. Smith, found themselves in a position of "Economic Power" because of control of those jobs. In the last two years the number of non-Socialists in the Socialist Party was greater than the Socialists, and the battle between jobs versus principle began. Ex-Mayor Lewis J. Duncan and present Mayor C. A. Smith, recognizing that pelf, power and position are based on the servility of slaves, naturally threw their lot

with those interested in jobs as against the genuine, revolutionary, as well as evolutionary Socialists who stood out for working class tactics and principle. Any Socialist who had an independent opinion was ruthlessly cast upon the scrap heap, suspended or entirely eliminated. If he had a job working for the city administration he received the political axe. Old time active Socialists like Willis, Shovlin, Maury, Cochran, Curry, Lowney, Little, Christian, McDonald and many others who had been members of the Socialist Party long before the Socialists went into office were ruthlessly crushed by the brutal exercise of the tremendous economic power of the Local Duncan-Smith machine. Evidently they took lessons from the Rockefeller interests. Finally many old time Socialists became so disgusted with the shyster methods of these self-styled Socialist leaders that the organization deteriorated in power and influence among the working class itself. Especially was this true when Comrade ex-Mayor Duncan in a meeting of the Socialist County Central Committee cast the die which expelled the local Finnish branch on January 18th of this year, just a week previous to

the call for nominations for mayor and other city offices. This was done after the state executive committee had definitely decided that the Finns were part and parcel of the regular Socialist Party of the state of Montana, and that according to Article X, Sec. 4 of the National Socialist Constitution, the state organization shall have sole jurisdiction of the members residing within their respective territory.

The arbitrary and autocratic policy of the Duncan-Smith machine resulted in Socialist Party disruption. If these leaders had been paid by the Rockefeller interests they could not have rendered the Amalgamated Copper Company greater service. The trouble seems to be that the political pie counter establishes a new economic base for a group of job seekers and lays the foundation for a brutal machine consistent with capitalist tactics and ethics. The tactics which have been employed here in Butte by so-called Socialist leaders would make Hinky Dink and Bath House John of the first ward of Chicago blush with shame.

What is needed in Butte is more Socialist education, more intelligent organization, less pin head politics, and less mental servility.

BERKELEY DAILY GAZETTE, MARCH 31, 1915.

# J. Stitt Wilson

As Mayor can maintain the reputation of Berkeley as an educational center. He stands for higher, better and purer things. He has fought the good fight for temperance, for justice to women and for progressive principles of government. When he appears on the platform to speak for this city every Berkeleyn can feel proud. As Mayor in 1911 and 1912 he was faithful, efficient, honest and progressive. He was a real success. He is now a candidate at the request of Progressives, Democrats, Socialists, Prohibitionists and Republicans.

# INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

## The Class-Struggle and the War

**T**HIS is the story of how part of the workers in England and Germany made a bargain with the capitalists and lost. Of course, the bargain was not written out and signed. But it was understood all round. The German Socialists in the Reichstag said over and over that if their 4,000,000 voters proved their devotion to the Fatherland they would have a right to demand consideration after the war. And when internal defensive peace was declared between parties it was understood that all were to have consideration. In England there was a good deal of ministerial talk about "the man at the bench" being as good as "the man in the trench." In the first mad days of recruiting the workers were being constantly told how the nation depended upon them in its extremity. They, for their part, immediately began to demand better pay for soldiers and adequate support for dependents left at home.

Amidst the gush of patriotic fervor princes and generals and big-business statesmen were cheered and lauded among the common herd as they had not been for half a century. This was eight months ago. We have all had time to catch our breath, and some of us have partially recovered our reason. A goodly number of English and German workers are "coming to," as we say. They are discovering that this is the same old world as the one we knew so well before August 1, 1914. The governments care little about governing, so long as they can make things go. The capitalists are still after their profits. And the workers are poorer than ever and just as much dependent on their own efforts for improvement.

This department has already chronicled the bitter struggle carried on by German labor unions to prevent the utter loss of all the advantages gained by fifty years of struggle. While prices went up, wages went down. What I want to record at present is the political disappointment of German Socialists. It is voiced tragically in

the address which Comrade Haase made at the opening of the regular session of the Reichstag on March 10.

### Virtue Its Only Reward

After assuring the government that his group still offered its support, he proceeded: "Unprecedented sacrifices have been made by the people and are still being made by our brothers in the field. With almost superhuman exertion they do their duty. Under these circumstances the government dare no longer refuse to guarantee that those who bear equally the burdens should also enjoy equally the privileges of citizenship. It is intolerable that all citizens do not have equal rights, irrespective of class, party, religion or nationality. Working class organizations have furnished more than twenty army corps. On the field of battle and at home they have, according to the testimony of the government, done great service. And yet this session of the Reichstag is to pass without the repeal of the Exceptional laws passed against the workers." He then went on to tell of the oppressive measures against freedom of speech and assemblage which had been enforced as war measures. In conclusion he showed how dealers in food had reaped golden rewards at the expense of the poverty-stricken consumers. All through this remarkable address there was a tone of bitter disappointment. Evidently the majority of the Socialist group in the Reichstag is beginning to feel that it has sold its soul for a mess of pottage and hasn't even got the pottage.

How far their feeling is justified was proved by the answer given by Dr. Delbruck for the cabinet. This learned gentleman said that he knew of no laws directed against any particular classes, and if there were such laws it was impolite to talk of them at such a time. Evidently the government is as deaf, dumb and blind to popular demands as ever it was. But the point that needs emphasis is the fact that oppression actually goes farther now than ever before.

Instead of gaining by their bargain, the majority group of the Socialists has lost.

In England the tale is the same with a difference. The English workers are looking for economic advantages rather than political ones. The great struggle for years past has been for better wages, better living conditions. Since the war began prices in general have advanced at least 20 per cent. This is, of course, equivalent to a tremendous cut in wages. Coal

### English Capitalists and Big Profits

is selling in London for \$19 a ton. This is more than three times what it costs to deliver it in the London market. Transportation by water has gone up tremendously. English ship owners, no longer exposed to German competition, have a monopoly and force prices up at their pleasure. Now these are patriotic citizens. No one has accused them of being drunken or lazy or unpatriotic in a time of national crisis. The whole terrible business is taken as a perfectly natural thing.

Now, look at the other side of the picture. The majority of English workers have loyally supported the government. To be sure, there has been from the beginning more independence than was discoverable in any continental country. At the very beginning of hostilities there was formed the English Workers' "Dirty, War Workers' National Lazy Loafers" Emergency Committee.

This body represents a larger amalgamation of English workers than ever co-operated before. And from the beginning this committee has been fighting the terrible conditions which are being forced upon the working class. And it must not be forgotten in this connection that the majority of members of the Independent Labor party and the British Socialist party have been against the war and against the capitalists, who are wringing profits from the population in its distress.

Nevertheless, it is true that the great majority of the workers have either enlisted or borne with astonishing resignation the sufferings which fell to their lot at home. Take the members of Amalgamated Society of Engineers, for example. Lloyd-George says this is "an engineers' war." He is partly right. The outcome does depend largely on the products turned out by the workers

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in the metal trades. The A. S. E. has 175,000 members; 10,000 enlisted. This left very few unemployed. The men have labored ceaselessly to do the work demanded of them by the government. They have done overtime to an unbelievable extent. It is not uncommon for them to work all day Saturday and Sunday, twenty-four hours or thirty-six hours at a stretch. Illness has increased among them at an alarming rate. Many of them have sacrificed life even as have their brothers in the trenches.

How have these men been treated by the government and the capitalists? Bear in mind that the products turned out on the Clyde and the Mersey are being disposed of at war prices. What of the wages? Here is a passage from the *New Statesman*: "Nearly a year ago they (the men) had asked for a rise, only to be put off till December. When they then applied the employers delayed twenty-four days before even answering their letter. (Thus doing the men, by mere procrastination, out of ten or twenty thousand pounds.) Then delay after delay took place—always from the employers' side—so that not until the beginning of February could the men even get the case before a conference (total gained by the employers from the men since December by merely denying the inevitable rise, some forty thousand pounds). And the end is not yet. Even the partial advance that the employers at last offered was not to take effect till the 16th of March, thus mulcting the men of some more thousands of pounds! Naturally the men feel that the employers are deliberately cheating them. . . . The employers openly pride themselves on the cleverness of these arrangements by which every rise in wages is, of course, delayed by at least three months."

In March, as everyone knows, the men struck. It was then that one of their employers called them a lot of "dirty, lazy loafers," and Lloyd-George talked piously of "the lure of drink." The cabinet as a whole came to the conclusion that the English working class was failing in a crisis. Its patriotism and efficiency were not up to the mark. Overtime during long months! Rising prices and increased suffering! The spectacle of employers making fortunes out of the exigencies of war! And because they struck after all other means had failed they were dirty and lazy and given to drink!

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The strike is over now and the question of wages is being considered by a government commission. In the meantime the Transport Workers at various points have asked for increases. When they became threatening some attention was paid to them. In certain cases increases have been granted.

On February 24 a conference of miners was held in London. There were 140 delegates present and they represented 700,000 men. George Smillie, the miners' president, advocated a general demand for a 20 per cent increase. This demand will probably be made.

Ramsay Macdonald, who, in spite of his statesmanlike bourgeois leanings for a long time past, has been true to the working class since the beginning of the war, prophesies hard times for British labor. After the war, he says, "there will be fewer concessions and we shall have to do more fighting to get what we want." Speaking of English capitalists, he says: "Their great hope, greater than the defeat of Germany, is the emergence of a broken, battered, defeated Labor party."

But to the Socialist looking at things from the outside, the spectacle presented by the English workers is an inspiring one. To a remarkable degree they have preserved their sense and their courage under the stress of war. They may have hard struggles before them, but they have shown themselves capable of making a good fight against odds.

Reliable news with regard to the attitude of Socialists in various countries is of vital importance. At the present moment our

chief business is not to vindicate our movement. We have practical business on hand. We must be prepared to take part

in the movements which will determine when peace shall be made and on what terms. We must consider, too, the international of the future. What shall be its principles? What shall be its constitution? Can we trust the direction of the movement of international labor to a feeble federation of strong national movements?

Our thought with regard to these matters must be based in part on our knowledge of the state of things in various countries. We must know the state of mind of the working class. When we know what our

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comrades in other countries are thinking, we can formulate some notion as to how far they will be willing to go in making the International a real power in the world of the future.

More and more, as exact knowledge reaches us, it appears that the Socialist movement is in a vastly better condition than seemed likely six months ago. About one party, the British Socialist party, we now have really accurate information. During the last days of February divisional conferences of the membership in the various parts of the country were held and decisions were reached with regard to the issues presented by the war. Different resolutions were presented at these various conferences and it is, of course, difficult to guess just why a given resolution was carried or defeated. But at least the results are rock-bottom information. They show what the individual members of the party think and what they propose to do.

The reports of the conferences were canvassed by the Agenda committee of the party and the results were published in *Justice* on March 4. Following are some of the more important actions taken: Resolutions or amendments with regard to recruiting were presented at five conferences. In general these were so worded as to express approval or disapproval of the support given to the government's recruiting service by the executive committee of the party. Totals must be looked at with suspicion, for, as I remarked above, the resolutions are not identical. It appears, however, that 356 members voted against the committee's policy and 278 voted in favor of it. At four conferences resolutions were adopted dealing with the subject of conscription and the citizen-army play. It is unnecessary to report that no one voted for conscription. It is, however, extremely interesting to discover that 187 members voted against the citizen army, while only 164 voted in favor of it. In the minds of some this plan is a part of the accepted Socialist policy. Evidently the members of the B. S. P. are not going to have anything so reactionary foisted upon them merely because a few important and talented leaders have taken it for granted.

In regard to the attitude to be taken toward the war as a whole the resolutions carried and lost were so varied and complicated that a general result cannot be

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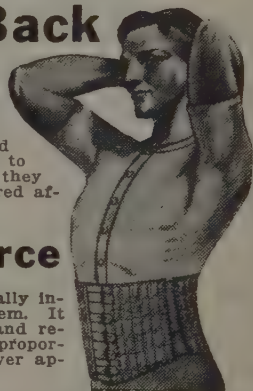
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gathered from them. Some of the separate votes, however, are extremely interesting. A straight resolution against the war, laying the blame for it on the capitalism of all countries and calling for the solidarity of all workers, was defeated by a vote of 66 to 82 at Hackney. One denouncing the Germans and calling on the membership to support the government was lost by a vote of 41 to 96 at the London Central Branch. One calling on the workers to emphasize the class struggle during the war was carried at Stepney by a vote of 92 to 30. At a large number of conferences resolutions denouncing the English government and capitalists for utilizing the war as an occasion for making profits and for reducing wages of English workers were carried by large majorities.

Though the results of this voting are far from clear and we who read the reports at a distance are in great danger of drawing false conclusions from them, it seems to me that we are justified in concluding that the rank and file of the B. S. P. are for the most part in a thoroughly Socialist state of mind. They have not by any means been stampeded by the war fever or by the hypocritical class-unity talk of the government leaders. Even those who do not object to fighting the Germans are not going to stop fighting British capitalism. And we must remember that these English Socialists are not living in a neutral country as we are. All the influences which have tended to obscure the issues in the minds of our German comrades have operated on them. But they, for the most part, have remained clear of mind and brave of spirit. The new International will find good stuff in old England.

On March 16 Walter Crane passed away. In spite of our preoccupation with the war, his death made a profound impression. For an hour the Socialists of the world paused to think of the services of the older comrades and of the hard work and bright dreams of the early days.

Walter Crane was our greatest artist. He was born in 1845. At the age of sixteen he exhibited at the Royal Academy. Many honors have fallen to his share in the course of his long and active career. Some of his best work has been seen in this country. He designed the panels for the Women's Christian Temperance building in



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Chicago and the friezes for the British Art Section at the St. Louis exposition. He was a master of design, yet the characteristic thing about his work is a peculiar grace and freedom of line. Every one of his sketches, no matter how slight, suggest a world in beautiful motion, a world where expression is free and fine.

With William Morris he joined the Socialist movement when he and it were young. And to this movement was given much of his best thought and work. For many years he contributed to *Justice* a new and wonderful design with each recurring May day. Many of his best drawings are collected in the well-known portfolio, "Cartoons for the Cause."

It is well for us now, when Socialism is starting on a new era, when the labors before us seem endless, to see the vision of the future as Morris and Crane saw it. Their faith will yet be justified. And we in America, who so deeply appreciated the work of these men, have one great comfort in reviewing the completed work of these men. We have in America now a goodly number of eager, young and inspired artists who are carrying on the work so nobly begun in England.

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## NEWS AND VIEWS



AS THE WORKERS USED TO PARADE IN EUROPEAN CITIES ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

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International Socialist Review,  
Chicago, Ill.

Comrades: Please find enclosed order for £8 15s, which I think is equal to your \$42, which you stated would be the cost, including postage, of fifty copies of the REVIEW monthly for twelve months. I hope ere long to be able to increase our order. In the meantime the demand points that way.


Best wishes to all the comrades.

Yours fraternally, Harry Norrie.

**From California.**—Your April number—no, dammit, your twelve monthly numbers and some more besides, were humdingers. The “more besides” might go back fifteen years, as I have been an appreciative reader of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW since it started.

I have most of your publications. The science series is fine. If more of our comrades would read your good scientific literature there would not be so many Henry Dubbs and Harry Boneheads in our party.—J. J. Hawkins.

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**An Interesting Letter From Canada.**—"Dear Comrade: I bought a copy of the REVIEW for the first time last month and I thought it was one of the best magazines I had ever come across, but the April number clinched the argument. Comrades, I congratulate you. The INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW is not only one of the neatest looking little magazines, but its contents are the real dope; it is the greatest 'trail blazer' for Socialism I know of.

"People will read and be interested in the REVIEW who would NOT read a book or pamphlet or listen to a Socialist and turn out to be a rebel before they know.

"The biology studies are great. I would not have missed Professor Moore's series for a good deal. Yours fraternally, W. H. McNey, Vancouver."

**From Canada.**—"Though times are hard up here, I cannot afford to miss the coming REVIEWS. I have Professor Moore's new book, 'The Law of Biogenesis,' and it is splendid. I am glad to know you are going to devote much space to science—that great closed book to us workers. The REVIEW is certainly our magazine."—Charles M. Thompson.

**From Kansas.**—"We were greatly pleased with the editorial in the April REVIEW entitled, 'We Must Fight It Out.' It certainly will require something more than thinking to do any good in this part of the country."—Jay Miller.

**From Toledo, Ore.**—"Hurry up the May REVIEW, as we are anxious to read the next number of J. Howard Moore's excellent series on 'Savage Survivals' in Higher Animals.'"—C. M. Drake.

**From Massachusetts.**—"You are getting out a magazine that is constantly winning its way and more and more people, I am happy to say, are beginning to see that the REVIEW's stand for revolutionary Socialism and industrial unionism is the only sound position to take."—J. D. W.

**From Arkansas.**—"I have filed copies of the REVIEW from 1908 up to the present and, of course, you may know that I would not consider letting my subscription lapse. The REVIEW grows more interesting and helpful each month."—H. P. Bevington.

**When the Russians Came.**—Comrade Schragèr, of Chicago, tells the following story related to him by Mrs. Hollenden, of Cleveland, in connection with her experiences in Europe after war was declared. She said, nobody was permitted to leave Lemberg after the entrance of the Russian troops. When the Russian army began its attack on that city it was impossible to venture out on the streets and for four weeks previous to Russian occupation the family I was with sat in their dark cellar, never once even venturing upstairs. They lived on bread and water. There was no interval during all that time when we could not hear the roar and boom of cannon. One morning it was quiet and, venturing up stairs, the father learned that the white flag of surrender had been hoisted and all Austrian forces had fled the city under cover of night. About eight o'clock that morning the advance guard of the Russian army entered the city. The civilians fired upon them, a bullet struck the window in which I was and I rushed to the rear and hid the children. Soldiers forced open the front and back doors, entered, but finding no arms there, passed out. Every saloon was closed and sealed with the Czar's seal.

About noon the Russian army entered the city amid the playing of bands and much flourish. The Russian military governor took official office and established himself in the undestroyed part of some hotel. Heralds went about through the city announcing that all should attend the reading of the military laws for the city. All were at the public square at 4 o'clock. In order to make room for the townspeople to stand, dead bodies were piled high outside the square. Many streets were completely blocked by mountains of the dead. They mounted as high as the third stories of the houses. Mrs. H. finally secured a passport to Moscow. She reports that the military governor of Lemberg ruled with an iron hand but not one case of atrocities came to her attention. She walked about the streets at all hours of the day or night and was never once molested. The treatment of the Russian soldiers was pitiful. Wounded officers were carefully treated but not so the privates. If it was reported by a civilian that a private had disobeyed any rule, his number was taken, he was brought before the governor, questioned

## THE MASTER WEAPON IN LABOR'S BATTLE.

In every struggle for justice, the working class is crushed by law, the strike is crushed by law, the workers are robbed by law. Get on the firing line. Study law and fight for your class.

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Power is coming into the hands of the workers. We need competent, trained men and women. The course in law will fit you to render this service to your class. We need working class lawyers in active practice. Think how Darrow, Sheppard, Le Sueur, London and many other brilliant defenders of labor have fought for working class justice.

### STUDY LAW

You don't need a college education or a high school education. Can you read and write the English language understandingly? That is education enough. Lincoln had no more education than that when he began to study law.

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In your own school, where working class lawyers will teach you the working class interpretation of the law—how to wrest it from the grip of the capitalist and make it the weapon for labor's protection.

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and, if guilty, was taken to a certain wall and shot. The greatest trouble was freezing of the feet and hands. Officers with frozen fingers or toes were carefully operated on. The frozen member alone was removed. But privates or prisoners were handled quickly—if a toe was frozen, off would come the leg at the hip with the main artery tied up; if a thumb had been frozen, off came the arm. She would pass the surgeons' places and hear the German prisoners crying some song of theirs which, translated into English, might mean, "How can I walk home with only one leg?" or "How can I feed my babies with only my stumps?"

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**An Interesting Letter From England.**—Dear Comrades: I like the REVIEW very much in its advocacy of the social revolution and for its outspoken and fearless support of industrial unionism as distinct from syndicalism and revolutionary political action as opposed to parliamentarianism. What I think that the working class in general and the Socialist party in particular need is a more thorough adoption of this policy and attitude and the disregarding of the social reform policy. Personally, I am a firm believer in the revolutionary policy, both industrially and politically, as the only sane policy for the working class to adopt. I believe that this terrible war that is taking place in Europe could and would have been prevented had we adopted and supported that policy in the past.

Well, comrade, I shall do my best to spread the REVIEW, as I think it is worth supporting, but the reform policy has got such a hold of the average worker that he is inclined to fight shy of anything that savors of revolution. The blame for this in a large measure is due to our so-called leaders.

Hoping that you will receive the order all right, I beg to remain,

Yours for the Social Revolution,  
William Hoare, Top of Tranch,  
Pontypool, Mon, England.  
61 Stamford Hill Road,

**Discipline Necessary.**—Comrade Gustavus Myers, in the April number of the REVIEW, seems to be very much wrought up over Discipline in the German Socialist movement being the cause of the supposed breakdown of political Socialism. The collision of two powerful locomotives with heavy trains behind them would mean TOO MUCH DISCIPLINE that caused the wreck.

Will our members of the Socialist movement never wake up to the recognition of the inexorable laws of economic evolution and relegate Anarchism to the rear in party tactics?

What have the sane educational teachings of evolutionary Socialism to do with the natural collision of competing capitalist groups? The political program of the German Socialist movement was no more to blame for the world's great conflict or the clash of struggling Capitalist interests than our own weak Socialist movement in the United States.

Discipline is just as necessary to build up a powerful political, or labor, movement, as discipline is necessary in the management of the great machinery of wealth production, so as to be able to specialize each worker at a certain operation, that not only increases his efficiency, but prevents him from meddling and interfering with his fellow workers.

This idea of a Social State, or co-operative Commonwealth directed by every fellow to do as he pleases is a direct contradiction to Marxian Socialism; it contradicts the historic explanation as to how Feudalism was overthrown, by the present ruling class, simply because the present ruling class was better disciplined than the former ruling society of Feudalism.

Let the majority will determine the program

of the Socialist movement, although it may not be just what we who have studied perhaps deeper would like for that majority to adopt in tactics, still it seems to those in the majority to be the best step to take, and we can best educate them, by reason, free of any reference to individual domination. Powerful thinkers have powerful will power and if their will is stronger than those who differ from them and they sway a majority with that will, then the best way to defeat such men in our movement is to do likewise by developing our minds so as to become stronger than the other fellow.

In the meantime, let us leave off bewailing over these Capitalist collisions that we preach must come, and stick to Agitation, Education and Organization, the trinity of the means of fighting Capitalism and aiding in the establishing of a co-operative Commonwealth.—J. L. Stark, Louisville, Ky.

**For Preston's Release.**—Fellow Worker M. R. Preston, who was railroaded to the penitentiary through a conspiracy between the business men and mine operators of Goldfield, Nevada, in 1907, is now making an effort to secure a pardon. Some time ago the Board of Pardons granted Preston a conditional parole. Since that time he has diligently worked to uncover the mass of corruption and perjury that was responsible for his conviction and sentence. Preston and his attorneys have succeeded in securing absolute proof of the conspiracy and have compiled the same into a pamphlet which will be published and circulated for the purpose of raising the funds necessary to defray the cost of securing a pardon. It is necessary that the pamphlet have a wide circulation so that full knowledge of the crime committed against Preston be known to all. In this way it is hoped that pressure will be exerted to secure a full and complete pardon as a tardy act of justice to Fellow Worker Preston. The pamphlet sells for ten cents. All profits will be devoted to circulating the pamphlet throughout the state and defraying the legal expense incident to a hearing before the Board of Pardons. Send

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**Labor Conditions in California.**—The labor conditions in California have been improved considerably the last year or so. The Commission of Immigration and Housing has been investigating and inspecting for more than a year and is still at it. At the present time they are going around through the different cities of the state having a Housing Exhibit, which with word, figures and hundreds of pictures shows how bad working conditions are in the camps and the living conditions in the crowded districts of the cities, etc.

The commission states that nearly a thousand camps have been inspected, and that filthy and bad conditions are found everywhere; that there are manure piles close by a good many cook houses; that the food is fly-infested; that a great majority of camps have no toilets, and so forth and so on. And also out of those camps *reinspected* that more than two hundred have been very much improved. It holds forth how people sleep in the cities, in the tenements and slums, crowded together in unhealthy and insanitary lodgings—in damp cellars without ventilation and in shacks surrounded with filth and every indescribable sort of loathsomeness.

This board of "investigators" is now bringing up its report before the legislature of California. It suggests that a law should be passed which would force the employers of the "roving migratory laborers" to have sanitary camps; a law that would make a general clean-up in the cities. And also that a sum of money should be appropriated by the state for the purpose of improving the housing conditions for such people who can't do it themselves. It says that London spent more than nine millions on better housing of the poor, and other English cities as well. And it can see no reason why America can't do likewise.

Now however, bad we all know that it really is; however much improvement they might make, (if we give them a thousand years to do it on) we should always remember that those two men who caused all this investigation and inspection are still behind the prison walls of Folsom penitentiary. It was Ford and Suhr who organized the Wheatland hop pickers in August, 1913, who caused this to be done. We should also remember that the campaigning for getting them out is not at an end—and will not be before they are free. And the best way to show our appreciation of what those two men did for the workers in California (and for which they were given a lifetime sentence) is to remember them on the job—to agitate and organize.

The workers all through the State are now deriving benefit from that organizing of the hop pickers by those two men. Before that there was no investigation nor improvement. Therefore, let us always keep in mind that it

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**George E. Boomer—Biographical Summary.**—George Ellsworth Boomer, known for many years under the pen name of "Uncle Sam," was a consistent rebel all his life long. Born at Lewiston, Maine, November 28, 1862, he became a cotton mill slave at the age of 12 years. Demanding his own wages from his family he ran away from home and returned only when his father agreed that he should have them at the age of fourteen. The following year he entered the printing business in the office of the *Greenback-Labor Chronicle*, at Auburn, Maine. Went to Providence, Rhode Island, in 1882, where he joined Typographical Union Number 33 at its reorganization in 1883. Held various offices in the union, and for seven or eight years represented that body in the Rhode Island Central Labor Union, which he also served in official capacities. He was continuously connected, many times prominently, with the Socialist movement in America from its very earliest beginnings, having joined the Socialist Labor Party in 1884, and he was a representative member of the Knights of Labor throughout practically the whole existence of that organization.

On Labor Day, 1893, he launched the Providence, R. I., *Justice*, which, when it was turned over to him by the Rhode Island Central Labor Union in the spring of 1894, became the first Socialist paper in New England. He was the Socialist candidate for governor of Rhode Island in 1895 and received an excellent vote. He went to Maryland in 1896 to edit a syndicate of radical papers for the Vrooman brothers. Total destruction of the office by fire, and later Bryan's nomination by the Populists drove him out of that field, but not, however, until he had killed the very paper he was running by printing Bryan's name with the letters inverted. Immediately afterward he started the publication of *Uncle Sam* at Cumberland, Maryland. This paper, most unique in typographical appearance and fearless in utterance, attracted attention all over the country, the subscription list running into thousands the second month. The plant was under mortgage and the paper was in time strangled when Boomer flatly refused to quit propagating Socialism. He subsequently became editor of the *Appeal to Reason*, helped to build that remarkable paper, and later moved to the state of Washington, where he edited and published papers in turn at Prosser, Edmonds, Bremerton and the Port Angeles *Free Press* at the time of his death, April 5, 1915.

Although a deep student of politics and frequently the candidate of his party, Comrade Boomer was far from being a politician. He despised the sickly fake cordiality and hand-shaking hypocrisy so essential to popular approval. He did not value a Socialist vote unless it was backed by intelligence, sincerity and courage. The watchword of his life was "unremitting war upon the enemy at every point of contact." He had witnessed the dissolution of the great Knights of Labor organ-

ization through capitalist agencies at work from within it, and due to that lesson and disregarding all personal advantage he bitterly opposed bourgeois tendencies within the Socialist Party and with which he would not compromise.—Bruce Rogers.



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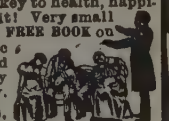


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# EDITORIAL

## WHY YOU SHOULD BE A SOCIALIST

LOOK around wherever you are and you will see furniture and machinery and buildings and street cars, bridges, ships and trains, stores filled with food and clothing, coal yards and factories.

The hands of the workers, the brains and hands of workingmen and women have made them all. They have made the clothes you wear, have produced the food you eat, built the house in which you dwell. These working class hands have produced every commodity that exists in the world today.

And the shippers, the commission merchants, the owners of storehouses, are complaining because the warehouses are filled to overflowing with goods and food they cannot sell (because the workers have no money to buy them). They complain because there are no more storeplaces in which to lock up the great harvests which will soon be pouring into the great shipping centers.

The landlords are bewailing the fact that they have hundreds of thousands of empty flats and houses which they cannot sell or rent, because the workers who have built them have no money to buy or to pay rent.

There are plenty of homes; there is an abundance of food and clothing made by the workers and there are several millions of workers who cannot buy these things because they are without money and without jobs.

Except for a little land, a few cheap clothes and poor personal belongings—all these things which the workers have produced are owned by the non-working, employing or capitalist class.

The whole struggle between the employes of labor and those who work, whether it be for shorter hours or more pay, is really a great battle between the bosses and the workers as to *who shall own the things the workers have produced*. Every time the workers gain higher wages, they are getting back in money a little bit more of the value of the things they have made.

It is evident that if the workers owned the things they made there would be no idle millionaires. And the man who possessed

the most would be the man who worked the longest.

And this is why, if you are a workingman or woman, you should be a socialist. Socialism means that the workers will have the things they produce. The farmers will have the value of their crops, the miners the value of the coal, or gold, or copper they dig. The railroad men will receive full value for their necessary labor in transporting things from one part of the country, or from one nation to another.

The lone switchman or the engineer who tries to force the C. B. & Q. Railroad to increase his wages has about as much chance of success as one lonesome miner striking against the Standard Oil Interests.

You know that you have no chance to beat the boss in an individual fight against him. He has only to discharge you and all the forces of society will rally to support him and to prevent you gaining any advantage.

A good many years ago workingmen learned that they could not fight the employers of labor alone and so they banded together in small trade groups, which groups were able for a time to help their members in securing higher wages, shorter hours and better working conditions. Some of these trade unions still enable their members to maintain higher wages and shorter hours than they would otherwise have.

But the strongest trades unions in the world are only able to gain a very little more of the wealth they produce for a very small percent of the workers. In hundreds of cities other unions, while pretending to maintain the union wage scale, are rebating stipulated sums to their employers. (See article by Austin Lewis in this number).

The United Mine Workers of America have lost nearly a dozen big strikes in the last few years. The railroad boys have steadily lost ground in their fights for better working conditions and more pay. They have not even held their own, but have been forced to accept lower wages. The trade

unions have been crushed in the steel mills.

Trade unions, industrial unions, ANY unions are only able to maintain higher wages when the employers of labor NEED the men in the unions, when these employers cannot REPLACE the union men with non-union workers, or when they find it cheaper to yield than to fight against—the union.

Some business men find it cheaper to grant union demands than to face losses by spoiled jobs, delayed construction, damaged goods, fires or diminished business prestige. The union does everything possible for the small group of which it is composed. The plumbers' union uses a very long apprentice system to keep young men from becoming plumbers and future competitors for their jobs. Poor boys have to get work promptly; few working class parents are able to support their sons while they serve a three years apprenticeship.

Other unions charge exorbitant initiation fees to keep men out of their organizations so that their members may make a close corporation of their jobs. The glass blowers in some of the eastern states charge \$1,000 initiation fee to foreign glass blowers who join their union.

But most of you workingmen and women do not belong to any trade union—CAN NOT belong to a trade union. The trade union was never designed to help the WORKING CLASS. It was designed to help a small skilled portion of the workers. And—in a measure—it has served its purpose in the past.

But the time has come when the glass blowers may draw the doors of their union ever so tightly, the car-builders may use intimidation or violence, and the compositors demand a forty years apprentice system in order to resuscitate the dying trade unions to which they belong. They cannot win. The glass blowers' union is helpless before the AUTOMATIC glass blowing machine; the compositors were thrown on the industrial junk heap when the modern linotype became commercially practicable; the experienced, painstaking cabinet-maker and car builder are no longer needed in any way in the manufacture of modern cars. All the work is done by unskilled laborers, who merely put the various pieces together.

In a hundred instances we might point out where a modern method has put a whole trade out of work permanently, and thus

put that trade union out of business at the same time. The tendency of today is toward more complicated MACHINES and less skilled men—toward *automatic production*.

The men and women outside the trade unions have never been helped by these unions. Now the members of the unions themselves are finding their organizations inadequate and helpless.

First man found that alone he was unable to gain any demands against his employer, and now even the select, specialized trade union groups find that they are not broad enough, not big enough, not inclusive enough to help themselves to *maintain what they have gained in the past*.

The unorganized, unskilled worker needs the strength and the numbers of his skilled and organized brothers, and the skilled trade unionist must organize with the unskilled workers if he is to save himself.

Gradually the time has passed when small groups of laborers can meet the employing class and come off victorious. Capital has grown and centralized and labor must meet it in the class struggle as a united, gigantic opponent—as *One Big Union of the Workers of the World*.

And this too, is what Socialism means—the great working class war against the private ownership of the great plants of production—for the common ownership of the factories, mines, mills and railroads, the lands and the shops BY THOSE WHO BUILD AND RUN AND USE THEM.

There are some socialists who think that Socialism is only the action of the workers on election day to elect representatives to Congress or to the Legislature. This is only a very small part of the Socialist and Revolutionary working class movement.

The Capitalist class in every nation might really check this kind of NATIONAL Socialist activity by disfranchising the workers who have the vote, or disqualifying the elected official as they did in West Virginia. Socialism is not confined to one particular tactic. IT IS THE WAR OF THE WORKING CLASS OF THE WORLD TO ABOLISH THE WAGES SYSTEM, to secure collective ownership and control of all the industries of the world by the working class itself. It means ALL THE PRODUCTS OF THE WORKERS FOR THE WORKERS THEMSELVES!

Just as the lonely farm hand used to

strike against his boss, and the trade union groups later struck against their bosses, and now the working men are striking and fighting against their employers in federations of unions in larger and ever larger groups—Socialism will organize the workers of the whole world to take over the factories, mines, railroads, mills and shops to run them *FOR the workers*.

Socialism is broader than ANY national party or any national union. It means One Big Union of the Workers of the World to abolish the present system of robbery and exploitation from the face of the earth!

We are only GROPING our way toward Socialism. We are only beginning to see that we cannot struggle against poverty, unemployment, robbery and exploitation ALONE, or in small trade unions, or national party groups. But we are learning fast. We are learning that the World has been made to blossom with plenty through the hands of Labor and that by joining with the members of our class over the whole world we shall reap the fruits of all that we have sown. MARY E. MARCY.

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(Signed) Charles H. Kerr, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1915.

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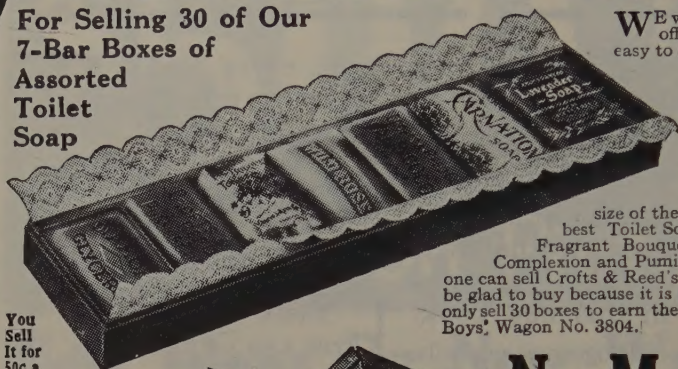
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